

64

PAGES
OF
THRILLS!

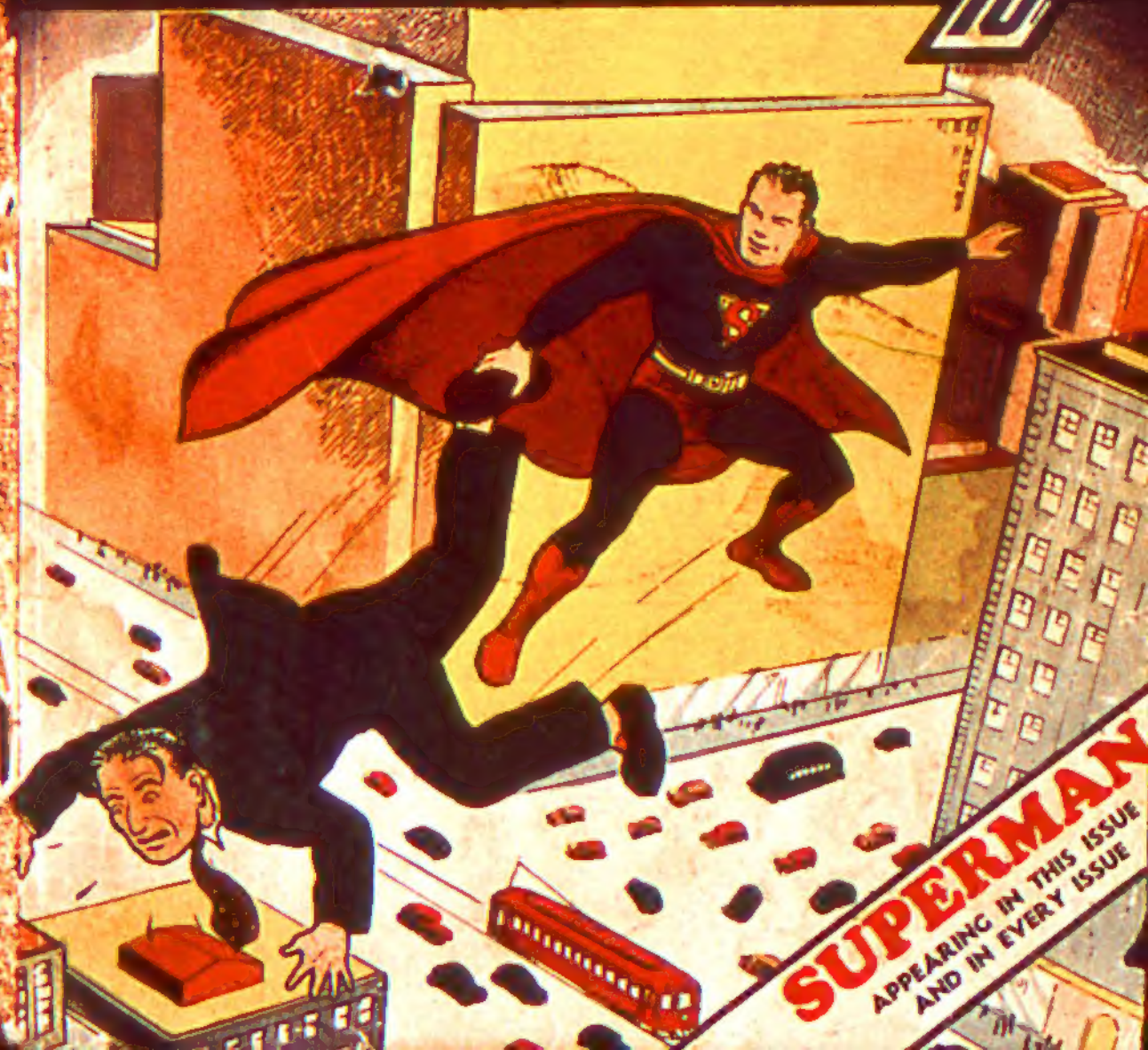
No. 7

DECEMBER, 1938

ACTION COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

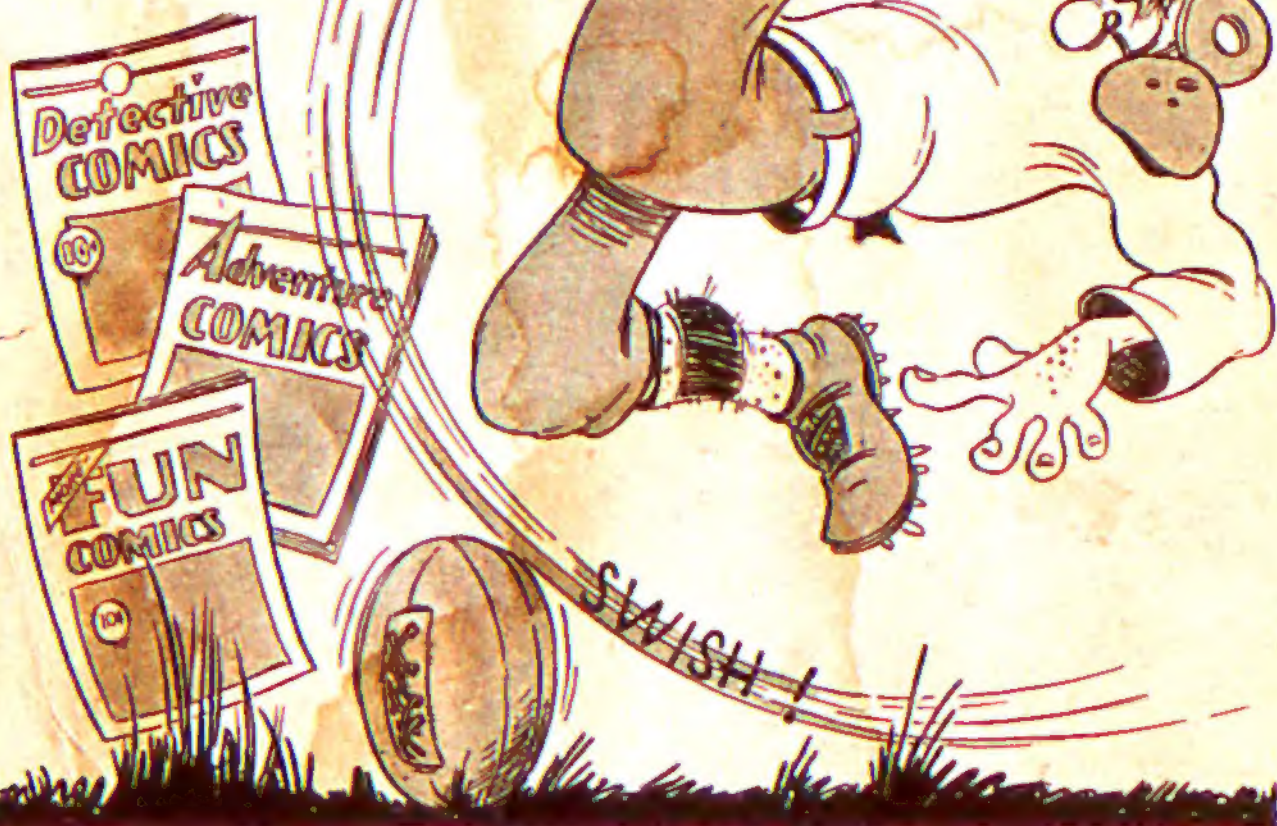
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SUPERMAN
APPEARING IN THIS ISSUE
AND IN EVERY ISSUE

YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHIN'

UNLESS
YOU READ—



ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

● FRIEND OF THE HELPLESS AND OPPRESSED IS **SUPERMAN**, A MAN POSSESSING THE STRENGTH OF A DOZEN SAMSONS! LIFTING AND RENDING BIG—ANTIC WEIGHTS, VAULING OVER SKYSCRAPERS, RACING A BULLET, POSSESSING A SKIN IMPENETRABLE TO EVEN STEEL, ARE HIS PHYSICAL ASSETS USED IN HIS ONE-MAN BATTLE AGAINST EVIL AND INJUSTICE!

①

EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE **DAILY STAR**, A LARGE METROPOLITAN DAILY...

HOW ONE GUY CAN BE SO MEAK IS BEYOND ME! HERE COMES KENT NOW. LOOK! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!

DON'T MAKE YOURSELF TOO MUCH OF A PEST, CURLY!

②

HI, CLARKSIE!—LOOK! YOUR TIE'S OUT!

IS IT?—ER—THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW!

③

YA SEE? ANY OTHER GUY WOULD' HAULED OFF AN' SOCKED ME IN TH' SHOOT! BUT NOT CLARK KENT! NO! HE THANKS ME FOR IT! BOY, THIS IS FUN! I THINK I'LL DO IT AGRIN!

AW, LAY OFF TH' POOR GUY!

④

LOOK! IT'S OUT AGAIN!

SOMEONE OUGHT TO CURE CURLY OF THAT TIE-JERKING HABIT OF HIS. IT'S ANNOYING THE WAY CLARK LETS HIM GET AWAY WITH IT!

⑤

CLARK RESCUES CLARK FROM THE PESTS—
ERIE CURLY...

BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU
IN HIS OFFICE.—BETTER
HURRY!

YOU CAN BE
CERTAIN
I WILL!



THE JORDAN CIRCUS OPENS
IN TOWN THIS AFTERNOON.
—I THINK IT WOULD BE A
GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO INTER-
VIEW ITS OWNER.

I'LL
SEE HIM AT
ONCE!



AS CLARK NEARS THE OWNER'S WAGON
ON THE CIRCUS LOT, HE HEARS VOICES
RAISED IN ANGER...

SOUNDS LIKE AN ARGUMENT.
I'D BETTER WAIT BEFORE EN-
TERING.



WITHIN THE WAGON...

YOU'LL TAKE MY
OFFER—OR ELSE!

TAKE YOU IN AS A
PARTNER? THE
BLAZES I WOULD!



YOU'VE NO CHOICE. MY
NOTES ARE COMING DUE
AND YOU HAVEN'T THE
MONEY TO PAY. EITHER
TAKE ME IN AS A PART-
NER, OR LOSE EVERY-
THING.

IF I DO TAKE YOU
IN, DEREK NILES
— I WILL LOSE
EVERYTHING!
...INCLUDING MY
SELF-RESPECT!



IF YOU EXPECT TO RAISE
MONEY FROM PERFORMANCES,
JORDAN, YOU'RE COMPLETELY
DAFFY. PEOPLE ARE STAY-
ING AWAY IN DROVES!

WE'LL SEE
ABOUT
THAT! NOW,
GET
OUT!



AS NILES ROUGHLY SHOULDERS ASIDE
CLARK, HE IS COMPLETELY UNWARE
HE IS PASSING THE MAN WHO HAS DEDICATED
HIS STRENGTH AND LIFE TO HELPING THOSE
IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE.

PARDON ME!

CLUMSY OH!



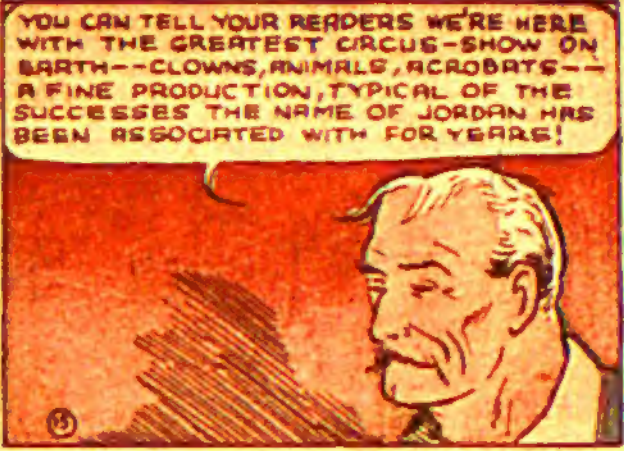
IT'S TRUE— I'LL LOSE THE
CIRCUS—MY GREATEST LOVE
AND LIFE'S WORK! IF ONLY I
COULD RAISE THE MONEY—
BUT NO— I CAN'T—





BEG PARDON--I'M FROM THE DAILY STAR-- HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY FOR PUBLICATION?

WHAT?-- WHO?-- OH, A REPORTER!

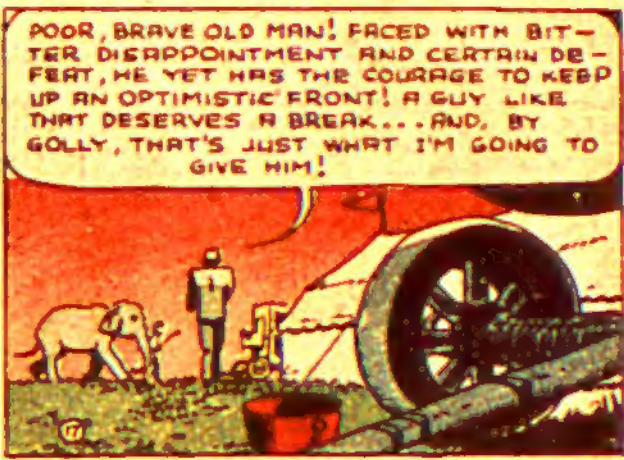


YOU CAN TELL YOUR READERS WE'RE HERE WITH THE GREATEST CIRCUS-SHOW ON EARTH--CLOWNS, ANIMALS, ACROBATS-- A FINE PRODUCTION, TYPICAL OF THE SUCCESSES THE NAME OF JORDAN HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH FOR YEARS!



YOU CAN TELL THEM, TOO, THAT WE'VE HIRED SEVERAL HUNDRED EXTRA ATTENDANTS TO HELP HANDLE THE HUGE AUDIENCE WE EXPECT TO HAVE ATTEND.--GOT THAT?

YES. -- THIS'LL MAKE THE NEXT EDITION -- GOOD LUCK, SIR!



POOR, BRAVE OLD MAN! FACED WITH BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT AND CERTAIN DEFEAT, HE YET HAS THE COURAGE TO KEEP UP AN OPTIMISTIC FRONT! A GUY LIKE THAT DESERVES A BREAK... AND, BY GOLLY, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM!



WHAT AFTERNOON-- THE CIRCUS OPENS WITH ALL ITS BRILLIANT POMP AND GLORY...



... BUT PLAYS TO A DESERTED GALLERY.

BAH! I'M SUPPOSED TO LAUGH AND CLOWN-- WITH ALL THOSE EMPTY SEATS STARING ME IN THE FACE!

PIPE DOWN, AND GO INTO YOUR ACT!



SORRY, BOSS! THE TICKET-SALES ARE TERRIBLE!

JUST AS NILES PREDICTED.



BUT ONE OF THE FEW MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE HAS SOME PRETTY DEFINITE IDEAS...

THE SHOW IS GOOD-- BUT IT LACKS "FLASH"-- AND THAT'S WHERE SUPERMAN TAKES A HAND!

WHAT EVENING... WITHIN THE PRIVACY OF CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT, A MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION OCCURS!— OFF COME GLASSES AND STREET-CLOTHES... CLARK'S MEEK FIGURE STRAIGHTENS ERECT...



...AND A FEW INSTANTS LATER THE BERTIRING REPORTER IS REPLACED BY THE DYNAMIC SUPERMAN!



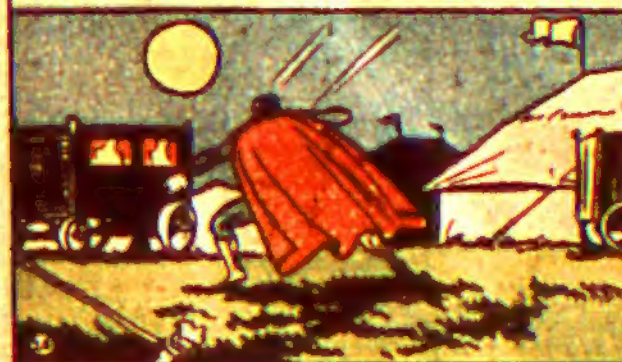
ON THE STEP BRINGS THE MAN OF STEEL TO HIS OPEN WINDOW...



...AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT HIS TREMENDOUSLY POWERFUL MUSCLES FLING HIM OUT INTO THE NIGHT LIKE A LIVING PROJECTILE!



SOME TIME LATER... A WEIRD FIGURE HURTLING DOWN INTO THE MIDST OF THE JORDAN CIRCUS LOT...



...AND APPROACHES THE OWNER'S WAGON.

A LIGHT STILL SHINING AT THIS HOUR!— POOR JORDAN! HIS TORTURED MIND WON'T LET HIM SLEEP!



FIGURES-- FIGURES-- WHAT GOOD ARE THEY? THEY ONLY PROVE THAT I'M GOING TO LOSE WHAT IT TOOK MY ENTIRE LIFE-TIME TO BUILD UP!



TURN AROUND!— AND DON'T BE ALARMED

W-WHAT...?



A BURGLAR!—WELL, YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE, FELLA. YOU WON'T FIND ENOUGH IN THIS FLOP SHOW TO BUY YOU A PACKAGE OF CIGARETTES!

YOU MIS— UNDER- STAND. I—



WHILE JORDAN SPOKE, HE HAD SLIPPED AN AUTOMATIC OUT OF A DRAWER BEHIND HIM...



SUDDENLY—

RAISE 'EM! THE NEXT PLACE YOU'RE BREAKING INTO IS JAIL!

IF YOU WON'T LISTEN TO AND BELIEVE ME, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO DO EXCEPT TO...



KEEP BACK! —I WARN YOU!

LET ME HAVE THAT GUN! YOU'RE LIABLE TO HURT YOURSELF!



WITH AN INCREDIBLY SWIFT MOVEMENT FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, SUPERMAN SNATCHES THE GUN OUT OF JORDAN'S HAND...

MUSN'T PLAY WITH DANGEROUS TOYS!



...THEN CRUSHES IT TO A PULP!



W-WHAT TH'—! YOU SQUEEZED IT AS THO IT WERE MADE OF PUTTY! —WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

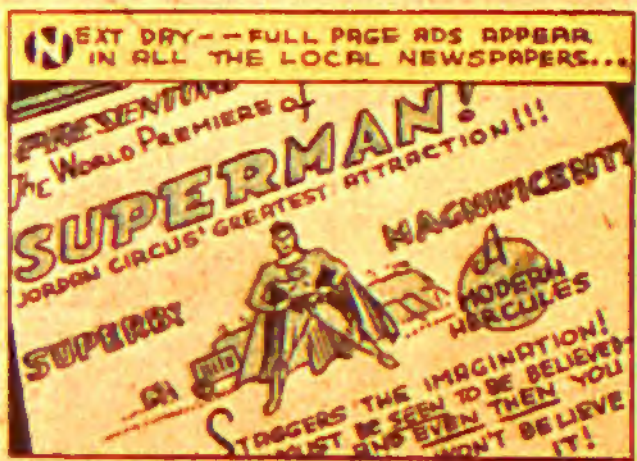
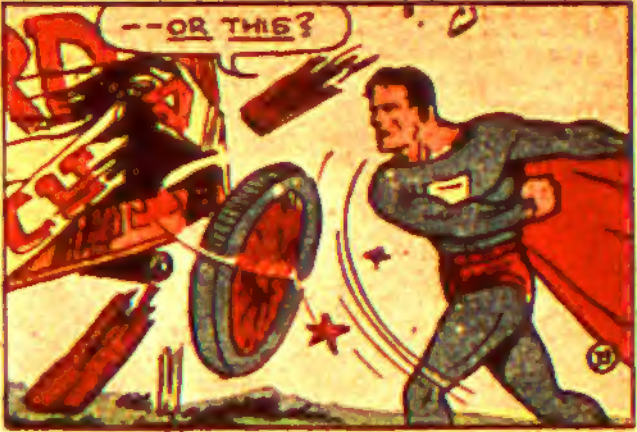
I WANT A JOB —WITH YOUR CIRCUS— AS A PROFESSIONAL STRONG-MAN.



BUT I ALREADY HAVE A STRONG-MAN WHO CAN BEND IRON AND LIFT METAL BALLS.

WILL YOU PLEASE STEP OUTSIDE A MOMENT?





IN DEREK NILES' OFFICE . . .

SEEN THE PAPERS, BOBB?

I'M TOO BUSY TO LOOK AT THEM RIGHT NOW.



WELL, YOU'RE NOT TOO BUSY TO READ THIS! - AN AD OF THE JORDAN CIRCUS - A BIG FLEE OVER A STRONG GUY . . .

GIVE ME THAT PAPER!



WELL, I'LL --! . . . I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT WE'RE LOOKING INTO THIS! COME ON!



LOIS LANE, BOB SISTER ON THE DAILY STAR, ALSO FINDS THE AD OF INTEREST . . .

SUPERMAN . . . IN PERSON! -- HERE I COME!



A MOB OF THE CURIOSITY-DRIVEN, CROWDS INTO THE CIRCUS-GROUNDS . . .



LOOK AT OLD JORDAN OVER THERE, DELIRIOUS WITH JOY!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!



I'M STUNNED - THRILLED - MONEY LITERALLY POURING INTO THE TILL -- IT'S INCREDIBLE - UNBELIEVABLE - AND I OWE IT ALL TO SUPERMAN!



THE HUGE, SEATED THROGS WAIT TENSELY FOR THE BIG SHOW TO BEGIN! - THOUSANDS OF TONGUES BABBLE! - WHO IS SUPER-MAN? IS HE HUMAN? WHY ALL THE FUSS ABOUT HIM?



SUDDENLY, WITH A BLARING OF TRUMPETS, THE CIRCUS BEGINS! CLOWNS FROLIC! ACROBATS CAVORT! ANIMALS ROAR!—BUT THE CROWD IS DISSATISFIED...



WE WANT SUPERMAN!

WE WANT SUPERMAN!

GIVE US SUPERMAN!

SUPER-MAN!!



ACCEDING TO THE AUDIENCE'S DEMANDS, THE RING-MASTER ANNOUNCES...

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO CONTINUE THE ORDINARY SHOW IN THIS BEDLAM. AND SO, YIELDING TO YOUR REQUESTS, WE WASTE NO TIME IN PRESENTING SUPERMAN!



WHILE CHEERS RING THUNDEROUSLY ABOUT LOIS...

I'M GOING TO SEE HIM AGAIN! — SUPERMAN, MY DREAM-LOVER! — OH, WHY DON'T THEY HURRY?



THE RING IS CLEARED.—A PROFESSIONAL STRONG-MAN WALKS INTO ITS CENTER AND COMMENCES TO LIFT HEAVY WEIGHTS.



BOO! BOO!

SO THAT'S SUPERMAN! — WE'VE BEEN GYPPED!

GIVE US BACK OUR MONEY!



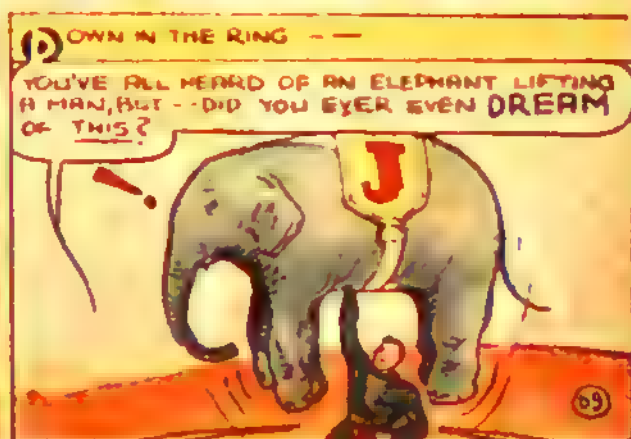
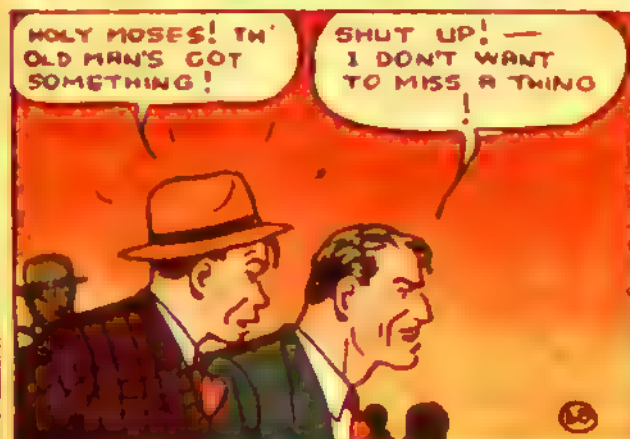
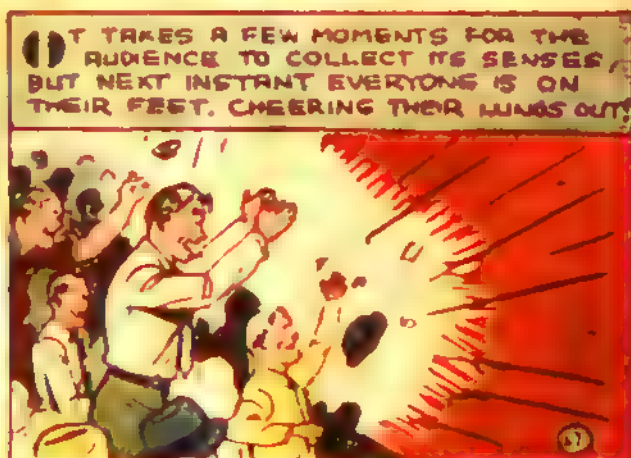
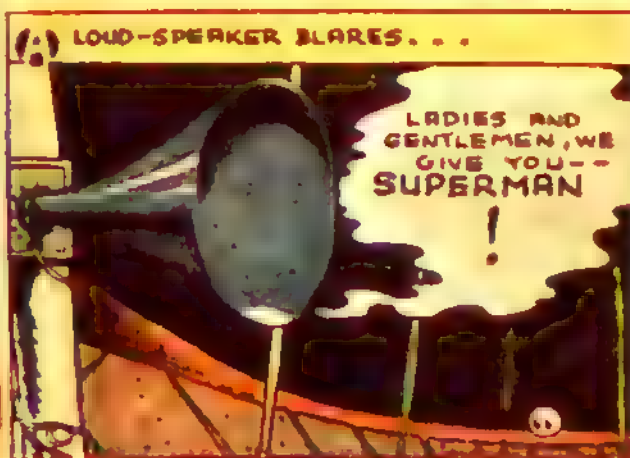
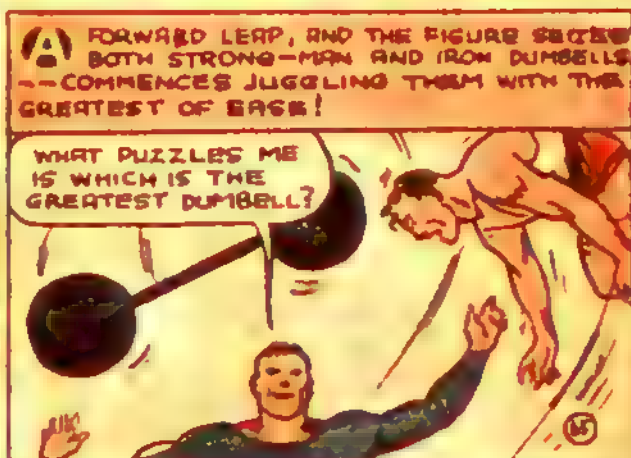
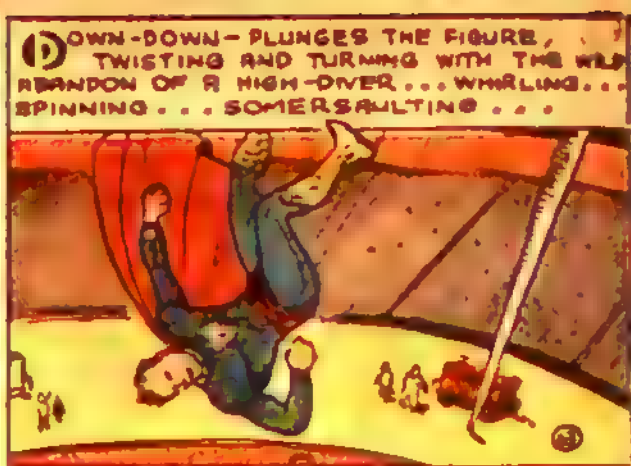
LOOKS LIKE JORDAN LET FLY A BOOMERANG, EH, NILES?

AND WILL I LAUGH WHEN THESE DISAPPOINTED CUSTOMERS MOB THAT OLD FOOL!



AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE HIGH OVER-HEAD SEIZES A TRAPEZE-BAR AND SWINGS OUTWARD IN A MAD SERIES OF WILD GYRATIONS. EVERY EYE IS GLUED TO IT!—A SLIP OF THE HAND AND SUDDENLY THE FIGURE PLUNGES DOWN TOWARD EARTH!





(1) DRUNK IN THE AUDIENCE TAKES ONE LOOK AT SUPERMAN LIFTING THE ELEPHANT AND PROCLAIMS TO THE AMUSEMENT OF THOSE ABOUT HIM...



LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! I GOTTA GET WHERE I CAN THINK -- THINK! THIS CALLS FOR A CONFERENCE!



THE WAY MONEY IS POURING IN, JORDAN WILL BE ABLE TO PAY OFF HIS BILL IN NO TIME! AND IF HE DOES, WE MISS GETTING OUR HANDS ON THAT CIRCUS OF HIS!



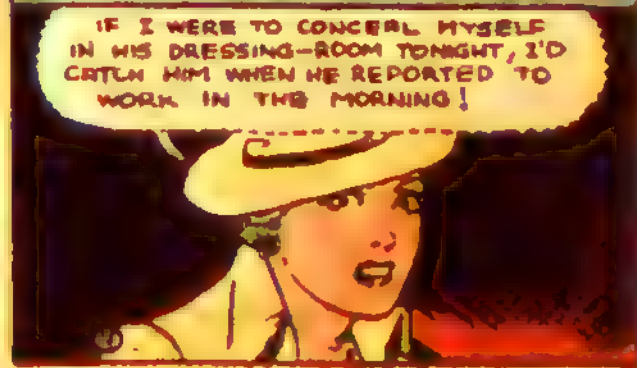
YES, IF ACCIDENTS STARTED TO HAPPEN ABOUT THE CIRCUS LOT, IF SEVERAL CUSTOMERS AND PERFORMERS WERE TO BE INJURED -- BY ACCIDENT, OF COURSE -- THAT WOULD BE TOO BAD, WOULDN'T IT? THE CIRCUS WOULD BE CALLED JINXED AND AVOIDED BY THE PUBLIC!



WHEN LOIS SEES TO SEE SUPERMAN, AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, WITH OTHER REPORTERS...



BUT LOIS ISN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY ONCE SHE'S MADE UP HER MIND.



THAT EVENING... LOIS BREAKS INTO THE DESERTED "B3-TENT" BY CRAWLING UNDER THE EDGE OF A CANVAS-FLAP...



BUT ONCE WITHIN THE TENT, SHE HALTS WITH A QUICK INTAKE OF BREATH AS SHE SIGHTS A SHADOWY FIGURE AHEAD...



NILES' HIRELING HALTS AT HIS LABOR AS HE HEARS A SLIGHT NOISE BEHIND HIM...



"RAX", A WATCHDOG-PET OF THE CIRCUS, HALTS ON HIS HINDS AS HE HEARS A SUSPICIOUS SOUND...

HE CHARGES AT THE DARK FIGURES IN THE "BIG-TENT"... IS KICKED UNCONSCIOUS...



I'VE GOTTA GET THIS GIRL OUTTA HERE! SHE SAW MY FACE, AND CAN IDENTIFY ME!



WHEN LOIS REVIVES, SHE FINDS HERSELF BOUND HAND-AND-FOOT IN NILES' OFFICE. — IT IS MORNING...

YOU WERE A FOOL TO BRING THE GIRL HERE! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER! GO DOWN TO THE CIRCUS, TRIGGER, AND TELEPHONE ME WHEN THE ACCIDENTS OCCUR.



UPON REACHING THE CIRCUS-GROUNDS, TRIGGER SEATS HIMSELF AT THE STAND'S FOOT...



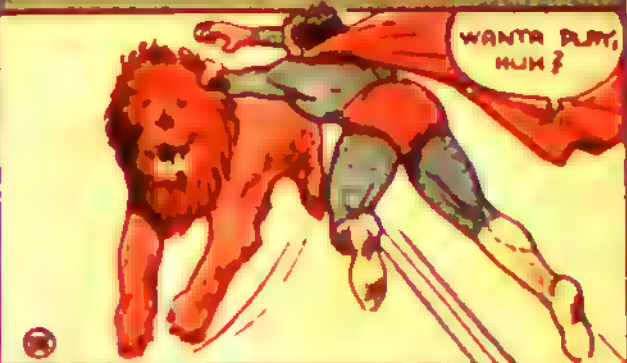
AND THINGS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN, FOR LEO HAS JUST GAUNTERED THRU THE DOOR OF HIS CAGE, WHICH TRIGGER HAD FORCED OPEN!



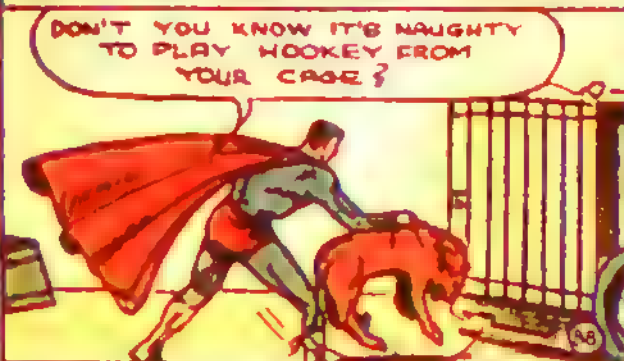
10 BUT ONE FIGURE IN THE LION'S PATH RE-
FUSES TO FLEE -- SUPERMAN! HE
CROUCHES BEFORE THE JUNGLE-BEAST'S
LEAP . . .



11 WITH AN INCREDIBLY SWIFT MOVEMENT, HE
TWISTS ASIDE, SEIZING LEO BY THE
SCUFF OF HIS NECK . . .



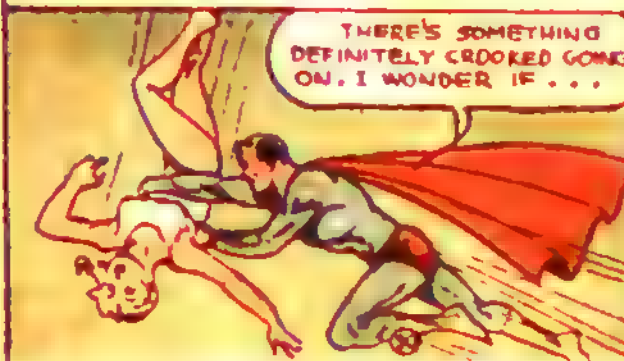
12 . . . AND CARRIES THE FEROCIOUS CARNI-
VORE BACK TO ITS CAGE, AS THOUGH IT
WERE A HARMLESS KITTEN!



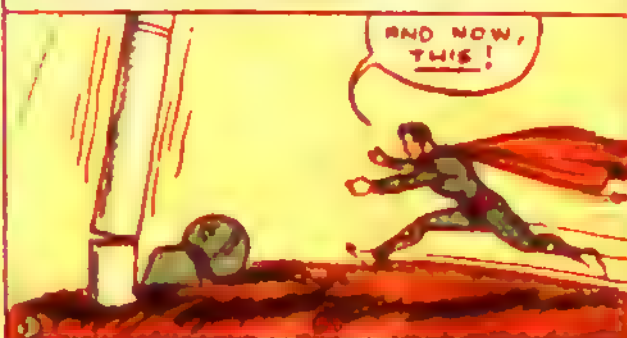
13 THE AUDIENCE SINKS BACK INTO ITS SEATS
WITH SIGNS OF RELIEF. BUT NEXT
INSTANT THEY SHRIEK ALOUD AS A TRAPEZE
PERFORMER'S TAMPERED BAR SHATTERS, AND
SHE PLUNGES TOWARD EARTH!



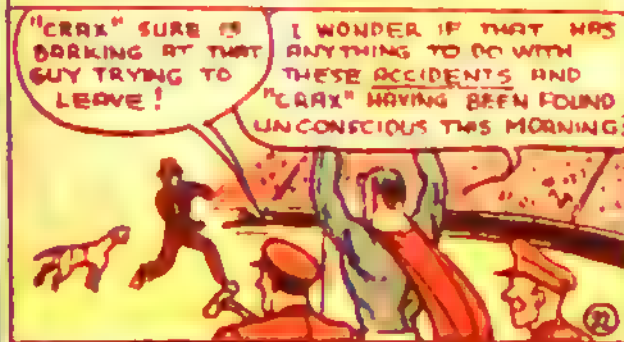
14 PRUNING ALOFT, SUPERMAN CATCHES
HER IN MID-AIR, AND BRINGS HER DOWN
TO SAFETY!



15 MOMENT LATER, THE HUGE POLE WHICH
HOLDS UP THE ENTIRE "BIG-TENT",
CUNNINGLY SAWED BY TRIGGER, SWAYS PRE-
PARATORY TO CRASHING . . . !



16 SEIZING THE HUGE POLE WITH A POWERFUL
GRIP, SUPERMAN HOLDS IT RIGID WHILE
ATTENDANTS COMPLETE REPAIRS . . .



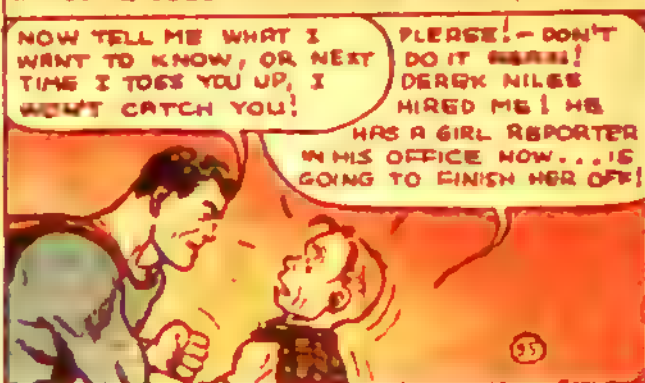
17 SUDDENLY SUSPICIOUS, SUPERMAN GRIPS
TRIGGER . . .



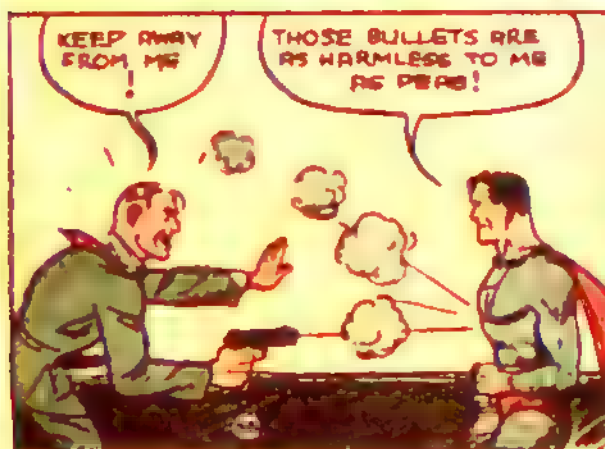
SUPERMAN TOSSES TRIGGER HIGH IN-TO THE AIR...



... AND CATCHES HIM WHEN HE DROPS DOWN-WARD! HE DOES THIS SEVERAL TIMES, THEN--



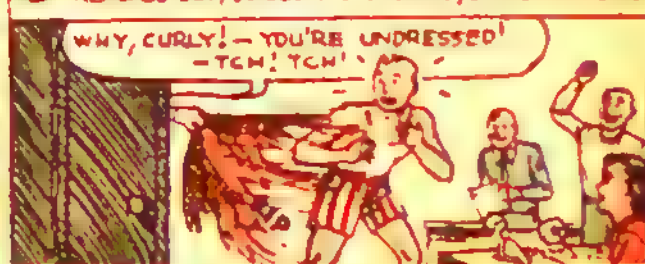
OFF SPEEDS SUPERMAN TOWARD NILES' OFFICE, RUNNING SO FAST HE AP-PEARS TO BE A BLURRED STREAK OF MOTION!



THE JORDAN CIRCUS NOW A SUCCESS—AND NILES AND TRIGGER JAILED—**SUPER-MAN** DONS HIS GUISSE OF CLARK KENT AND RETURNS TO THE DAILY STAR, TO BE GREETED BY CURLY!



SHORTLY LATER, AS CURLY PASSES A DOOR, A HAND REACHES OUT, SEIZES HIS CLOTHES, JERKS SAVAGELY...



And Don't Forget to Read!

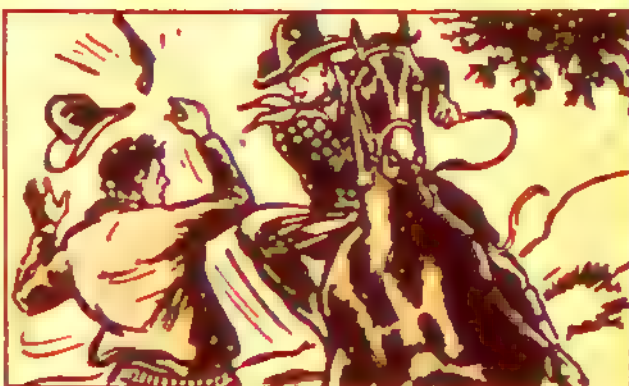
MORE FUN COMICS

"CHUCK" DAWSON

BY H. FLEMING

CHUCK LEARNS THAT THE 4-G-GUNMEN ARE PLANNING TO RAID A SMALL RANCH CALLED THE DIAMOND-H- AND DETERMINES TO WARN THE RANCHERS OF THEIR PERIL...

SOME MILES DOWN THE TRAIL HE IS BROUGHT TO A HALT BY A WARNING RIFLE SHOT AND A SHOUTED COMMAND TO LIFT HIS HANDS-



CHUCK, NARROWLY, WATCHES AS ZEBE LEANS FORWARD TO REACH HIS HOLSTER - SUDDENLY, HE SNAPS UP HIS KNEE, KNOCKING THE OTHER'S GUN-HAND AND HURLING THE SIX GUN FROM HIS GRASP -

- HIS HAND DARTS TO HIS HOLSTER AND THE NEXT INSTANT, THE RIFLE HELD BY HIS OTHER CAPTOR, LEAPS INTO THE AIR. THE STOCK SPLINTERED BY A BULLET!



CHUCK FINALLY BEINGS IN HIS HORSE AT THE EDGE OF A THICKET. SUDDENLY, THE DRUM OF HOOFES AND THE SHOUTS OF MEN!



SLIDING OUT OF THE BRADDER, CHUCK MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNDER-GROWTH IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SHOTS





CHUCK SEES SOME RIDERS HERDING A BUNCH OF CATTLE FROM A PASTURE BEHIND THE SHACK.



IT'S TOO LATE TO WARN THEM. THE RAID IS STARTED.

AS CHUCK REACHES A CLUMP OF BUSHES OPPOSITE THE SHACK HE HEARS A WOMAN'S SCREAM. THEN A BURLY RIDER ROUNDS THE SHACK, DRAGGING A MAN ON A ROPE.

COME ON, YOU DANGED NEEFER. I'LL PURSUE THE CREEK BOTTOM WITH YOUR NEELS.



SHUCKS, THAT JIBBER WAS THE OLD GENT ON THE END OF THAT LARIOT WHO, JUST A WHILE AGO, TRIED TO PUT THE INDIAN SIGN ON ME - HE MUST BE THE DIAMOND-H OWNER - I'LL STOP THAT PRONTO.



CHUCK'S BULLET CUTS THE ROPE LIKE A KNIFE.

SNARLING LIKE A WOLF, THE GUNMAN PIVOTS HIS HORSE AND EMPTIES HIS GUN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SHOT.

BLASTYUN, I'LL GIVE YUN SOME LEAD TO CHAW.



AS CHUCK STEPS INTO THE OPEN, THE GUNMAN DRIVES HIS SPURS INTO THE RIBS OF HIS HORSE AND DASHES FOR THE TIMBER.



MEAN WHILE, A GIRL HAS RUN TO THE AID OF THE MAN ON THE GROUND. AS CHUCK COMES FORWARD THE MAN SITS UP ABRUPTLY, HIS EYES STARING.



ARE YOU NERF OLDTIMER?

WHY - YOU'RE AN OUTLAW! WHAT IN SAN HILL DID YOU THROW IN WITH ME DEEP?



I'M NO OUTLAW! THERE'S A PRICE ON MY HEAD FOR PLUGGING A HIRED GUNMAN IN SELF-DEFENCE. I CAME HERE TO WARN YOU OF THIS RAID - YOU WOULD NOT LISTEN.

I THINK WE CAN BELIEVE HIM, DAD.

MAYBE SO VIRGINIA

HELPING THE ELDERLY RANCHER INTO THE SHACK, CHUCK HAS BARELY CLOSED THE DOOR WHEN A BULLET CRASHES THROUGH A PANEL.

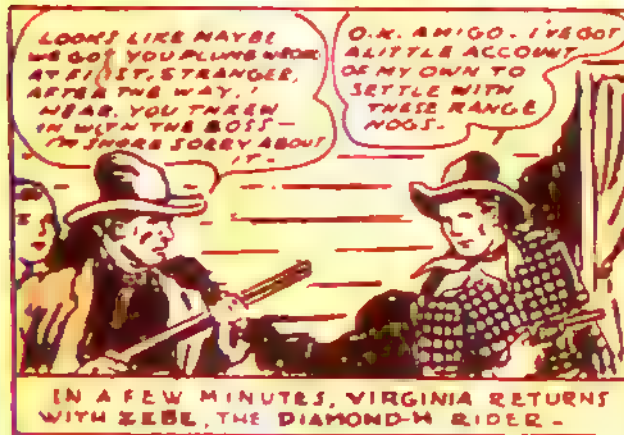


KEEP BACK - THEY'VE GOT US COVERED!

SOUNDS OF A LOW WHISTLE AND A DOOR OPENING IN A BACK ROOM, CAUSES CHUCK TO SWING AROUND SUDDENLY. VIRGINIA RUNS TO THE DOOR.



IT'S ZEBE!

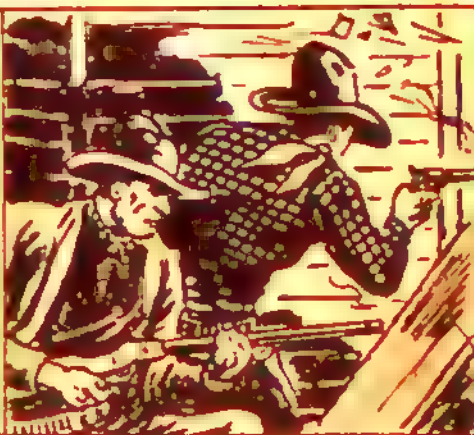


LOOKS LIKE MAYBE WE GOT YOUR PLUMS HERE AT FIRST, STRANGER, AFTER THE WAY, I HEAR, YOU THREW IN WITH THE BOSS - I'M SORRY ABOUT IT.

O.K. AN' GO. I'VE GOT A LITTLE ACCOUNT OF MY OWN TO SETTLE WITH THESE RANGE NOGS.

IN A FEW MINUTES, VIRGINIA RETURNS WITH ZEBE, THE DIAMOND-H RIDER.

LEAD IS NOW RATTLING AGAINST THE BUILDING FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS - CHUCK AND ZEBE GRIMLY RETURN THE FIRE



ZEBE, BURWELL HAS A DOZEN GUNMEN ON HIS PAYROLL AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY ARE ALL HERE. ONE OF US HAS GOT TO GO FOR HELP - I'VE GOT A HORSE HIDDEN ON THE RIDGE IN BACK SO IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME.



KEEP THEM BUSY IN FRONT AS LONG AS YOU CAN - I'LL TRY TO REACH MY HORSE - I THINK I HAVE A PLAN TO PULL THEM AWAY FROM HERE -

O.K. BUT YOU'RE SURE TAKIN' A CHANCE WITH A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD

THE
FIRING
QUIETS
DOWN
SO THAT
CHUCK,
FEARING
THEY
ARE
PLANNING
A
SURPRISE
HASTENS
TO BEAT
THEM
TO IT -
VIRGINIA
FOLLOWS
HIM TO
THE DOOR



I WISH YOU WOULDN'T
RUN ANY MORE RISKS.
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH
FOR US ALREADY -
DAD CAN'T EIGHT
ANY MORE - WE'LL
MOVE ON
LIKE THE
REST OF
THE SMALL
RANCHERS!

MIS VIRGINIA, IF ANY BODY LEAVES THIS
SECTION OF RANGE LAND, IT'S BURWELL
AND HIS A-G-G-GUN-TOTERS - KEEP IN
THIS ROOM OUT OF BULLET-RANGE AND
LOOK AFTER YOUR DAD -



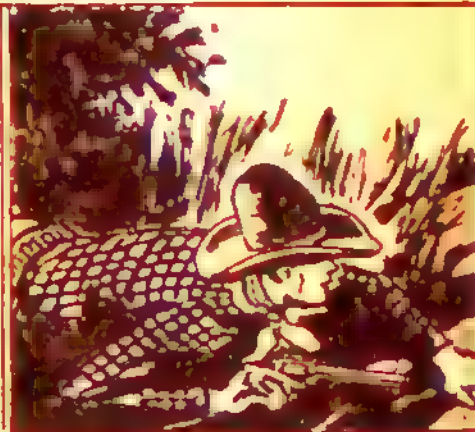
THEY'VE BEEN SENDING US
WARNINGS AND HAVE DRIVEN
OFF MOST OF OUR STOCK - THAT
WAS DAD
MUTFOOL
YOU ARE
FATHER

CHUCK
BASES
HIS
LEAN
BODY
THROUGH
THE
BACK
DOOR
WHICH
IS
SCREENED
BY
A CLUMP
OF
BUSHES

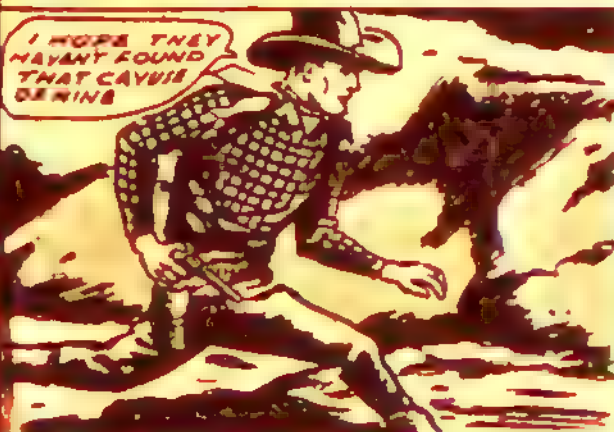


IT'S TOO
ALL FIRED
QUIET TO
SUIT ME

WITH
HIS
BODY
FLAT
TO THE
GROUND,
CHUCK
CRAWLS
A
DISTANCE
OF SOME
HUNDRED
FEET
TO A
SHALLOW
GULLY



I HOPE THEY
HAVEN'T FOUND
THAT CAYUSE
DENING



O.K. THERE'S BLACKY
THAT JUST ABOUT
MAKES ME ALL-SET



I THINK WE WILL BE
HAVING SOME EXCITEMENT
SOON, BLACKY



GEE, THEY'VE MADE
THEIR WAY AROUND
TO THE BACK.

CHUCK IS ABOUT TO MOUNT, WHEN THE GUN-
MEN START FIRING AGAIN FROM A CLUMP OF
BOULDERS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SHACK -



MEANWHILE THE GUNMEN MAKE FOR THE TIMBER EXPECTING TO BE FOLLOWED -

WHERE DID THE SHOOTIN' COME FROM?

DON'T SEE NOBODY BACK THERE!



CHUCK CATCHES SIGHT OF THE GUNMEN AS THEY ARE LOOKING BACK TOWARDS THE SHACK

THOSE BUZZARDS ARE LOOKING BACK TOWARDS THE SHACK - LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO HEAD BACK!



I'LL GET UP ON THE RIDGE AND LET THEM GET AN EYE-FULL OF ME -



HEY, LOOK UP THERE ON THE RIDGE! GIT AFTER HIM - THERE'S \$500 ON THE NOOK!



CHUCK IS SPOTTED IMMEDIATELY BY THE GUNMEN -

HERE THEY COME - NOW I'LL GIVE 'EM THE SLIP!



AS CHUCK TURNS HIS HORSE SHARPLY TO DESCEND INTO A GULCH, THE ANIMAL STUMBLES, THROWING HIM HEAD-LONG FROM THE SADDLE



CONTINUED

PEP MORGAN

BY GENE BAXTER

WITH PEP MORGAN AT QUARTERBACK THE ARDALE BULLDOGS ARE HEAVY FAVORITES TO BEAT THE DEVON YELLOW JACKETS IN THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFF TO BE HELD TOMORROW —



AFTER THREE HOURS PRACTICE —

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TO-DAY FELLOWS-TOMORROW MORNING JUST A FINAL SIGNAL DRILL WAIT UP A MINUTE, MORGAN

HOW ABOUT DROPPING OVER TO THE HOUSE TONIGHT TO TALK OVER THE GAME?

SWELL / I'LL BE OVER AROUND NINE O'CLOCK /

WHILE IN THE EMPTY STANDS...

THERE'S MORGAN NOW- WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THAT GAME IF WE ARE GOING TO CLEAN UP ON DEVON - I'VE BET 10 GRAND AT 5 TO 1 ODDS-ARDALE IS A CINCH TO LOSE WITHOUT THIS MORGAN PLAYING /

HE CAN'T BE FIXED- BUT HE MIGHT DISAPPEAR FOR A COUPLE DAYS /

WHAT NIGHT AT THE COACH'S HOME PEP AND THE COACH DISCUSS STRATEGY FOR THE BIG GAME -

I DON'T THINK YOU OUGHT TO USE THE FAKE PLACEMENT KICK- THIS PLAY UNLESS WE ARE AT LEAST THREE TOUCH-DOWNS AHEAD. IT'S TOO RISKY /

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW A SHADOWY FORM LURKS -

G'NIGHT COACH - SEE YOU TOMORROW AFTERNOON.

O.K. PEP. GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP /

PEP PASSES A DARK PART OF THE STREET - HE HEARS A SLIGHT NOISE BEHIND HIM - BUT BEFORE HE CAN TURN AROUND A BLACK JACK CRASHES AGAINST HIS UN-PROTECTED HEAD -



THEY'LL BE SCOURING THE COUNTRY FOR THIS KID TOMORROW BUT HE'LL BE RIGHT WITH US IN THE HOTEL ROOM - NICE AND QUIET!

BOY! THAT SO BRAND IS AS GOOD AS IN OUR POCKETS RIGHT NOW!



I'LL GIVE HIM A SHOT OF DOPE NOW, AND THEN WE'LL TIE HIM UP. HE WON'T WAKE UP TILL LATE TOMORROW AFTERNOON AND IT'LL BE ALL OVER BY THEN AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY - WITH THE DOUGH!

ONE OF US OUGHT TO STAY HERE AND GUARD HIM TOMORROW THOUGH!



YOU SEE WE HAD A LITTLE BET ON THE GAME TODAY AND WE WERE AFRAID WE MIGHT LOSE IF YOU PLAYED - YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO WAKE UP YET - JUST KEEP QUIET AND YOU WON'T GET HURT. THE GAME IS JUST ABOUT STARTING, ANYWAY!



THROW HIM IN, QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!



AT THE HOTEL THEY MANAGE TO SNEAK PEP UP THE BACK STAIRS WITHOUT BEING SEEN BY ANYONE -



THE NEXT DAY PEP COMES TO IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON

WHAT AM I DOING HERE - WHY AM I TIED UP? W-WHAT DAY IS IT?

NOW, SONNY DON'T GET EXCITED! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!



PRETENDING TO BE STILL GROGGY - AND TO DISTRACT HIS CAPTOR'S ATTENTION - PEP SEEMINGLY GOES BACK TO SLEEP

O-O-OH, MY HEAD...
...Z-Z-Z-Z...



ONE MINUTE AFTER MINUTE SLIPS BY—PEP WORKS DESPERATELY TO FREE ONE OF HIS HANDS—SUDDENLY IT COMES LOOSE—JUST AS HIS CAPTAIN GLANCES AT HIM—

HEY!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU—
NOW TO GET TO
THAT GAME!

WITHOUT PEP THE BULLDOGS ARE TIED 7-7 IN THE LAST QUARTER. THEY HAVE PUT UP A GAME FIGHT BUT NEED PEP'S LEADERSHIP TO FIRE THEM—

THEY MADE A
FIELD GOAL!
NOW IT'S 10-7.
WITHOUT PEP
WE'RE SUNK!

PEP! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
NEVER MIND—TELL ME LATER,
GO IN FOR O'CONNOR!

WE'LL
CATCH 'EM
COACH!

THERE GOES PEP MORGAN
IN! BOY, WATCH ARDALE
NOW! I WONDER WHERE
HE'S BEEN?

ONLY 4 MINUTES
TO PLAY—THEY
CAN'T CATCH
UP!

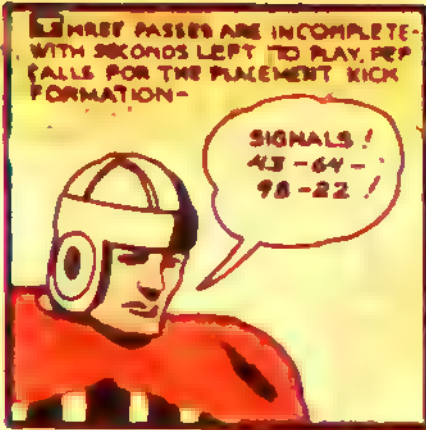
NO QUESTIONS NOW
FELLOWS! WE'VE GOT
A BALLGAME TO WIN!
PLAY K-15. LET'S
GO!

CALLING HIS OWN SIGNAL,
PEP DASHES THROUGH THE
LINE DRAGGING TWO MEN
WITH HIM—HE MAKES
FIRST DOWN ON
THE 35 YARD LINE—



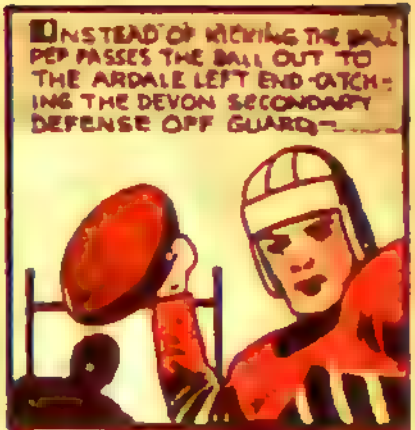
FIRST DOWN ON THEIR 36 YARD LINE! COME ON, PEP-PUT IT OVER-

ONLY ABOUT A MINUTE LEFT TO PLAY-COME ON FELLOWS!



THREE PASSES ARE INCOMPLETE-WITH SECONDS LEFT TO PLAY, PEP FALLS FOR THE PLACEMENT KICK FORMATION-

SIGNALS!
43-64-
98-22!



INSTEAD OF KICKING THE BALL, PEP PASSES THE BALL OUT TO THE ARDALE LEFT END-CATCHING THE DEVON SECONDARY DEFENSE OFF GUARD-



SNARING THE BALL ON THE DEED RUN-PEP'S TEAM-MATE STUMBLES ON OVER THE GOAL LINE-FOR A TOUCH-DOWN!



PEP KICKS THE EXTRA POINT AS THE GUN SOUNDS, ENDING THE GAME - ARDALE WINS, 14 TO 10!



GREAT WORK, PEP, NOW TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!

SOME GAMBLERS TRIED TO HOLD ME TILL THE GAME WAS OVER-THEY DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT, THOUGH-

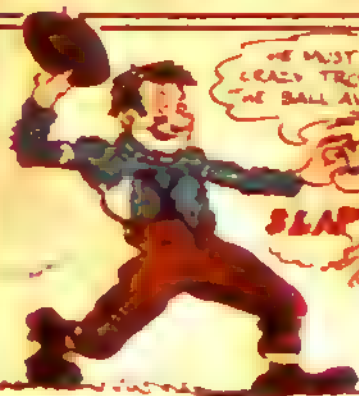


I HAD TO CLIP ONE OF THEM ON THE JAW TO GET AWAY-BUT I'LL BET HE'LL HAVE A WORSE HEADACHE WHEN HE HEARS WHO WON THE GAME.

IF I GET MY HANDS ON HIM HE WON'T HAVE ANY HEAD! NEXT TIME I'LL KIDNAP YOU MYSELF THE WEEK BEFORE THE GAME, JUST SO NO ONE ELSE CAN DO IT!

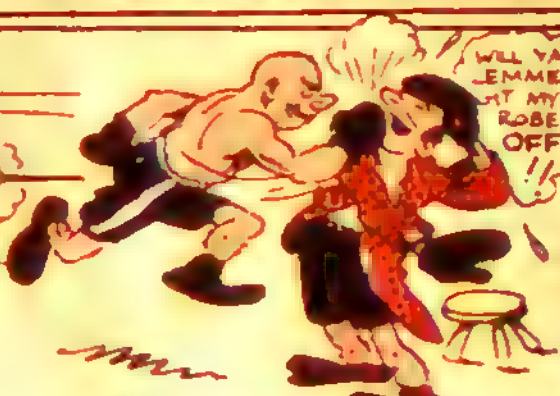
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SPORT-DATA



HE MUST BE CRAZY THROWING THE BALL AWAY

SLAP



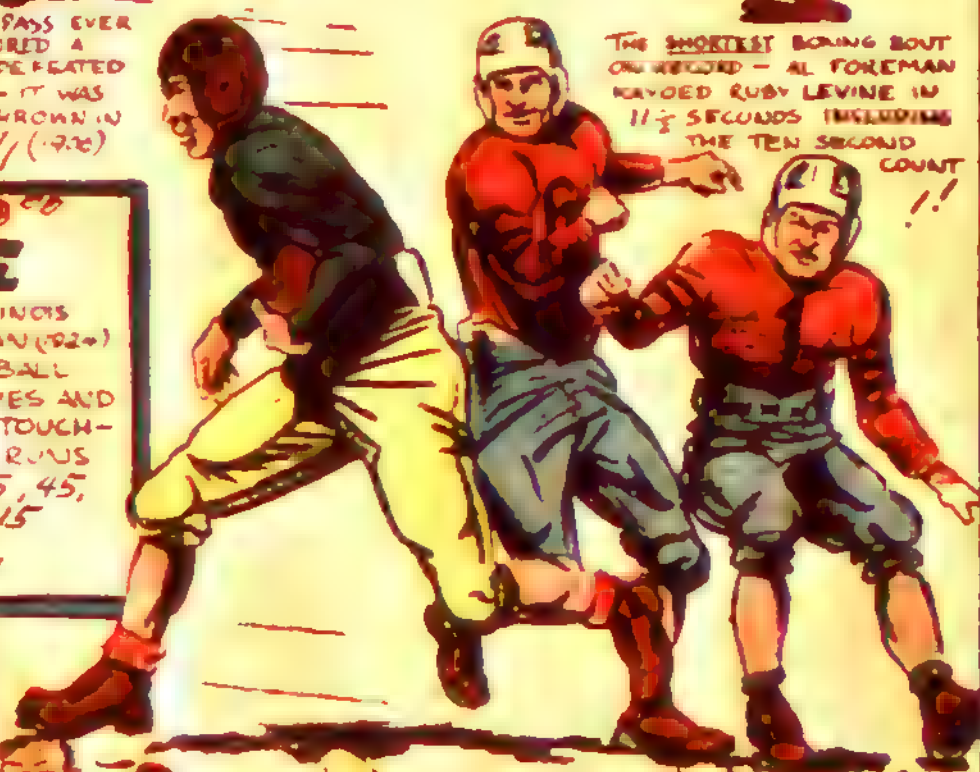
WILL YA LEMME PUT MY ROBE OFF!!

THE FIRST FORWARD PASS EVER TRIED BY YALE SCORED A TOUCHDOWN AND DEFEATED HARVARD 6-0 — IT WAS THE ONLY PASS THROWN IN THE GAME // (1920)

THE SHORTEST BOXING BOUT ON RECORD — AL FOREMAN KNOCKED RUBY LEVINE IN 11½ SECONDS INCLUDING THE TEN SECOND COUNT !!

RED GRANGE

PLAYING FOR ILLINOIS AGAINST MICHIGAN (1924) HANDLED THE BALL ONLY FIVE TIMES AND SCORED FIVE TOUCHDOWNS — HIS RUNS WERE FOR 95, 45, 56, 67 AND 15 YARDS //



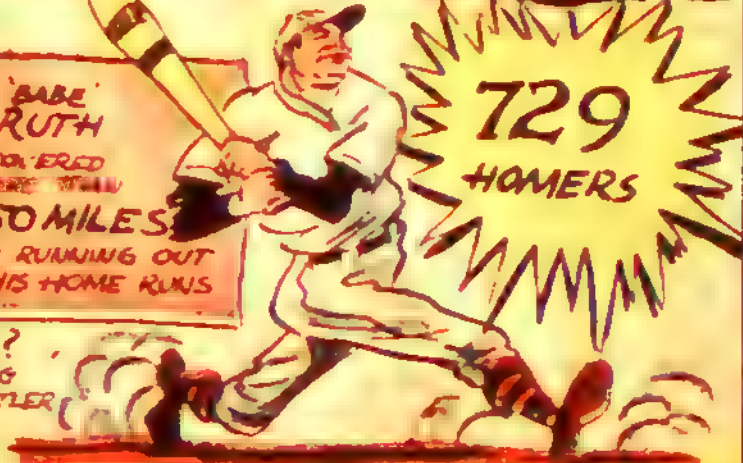
MAMA NEEDS A BIT OF SALT



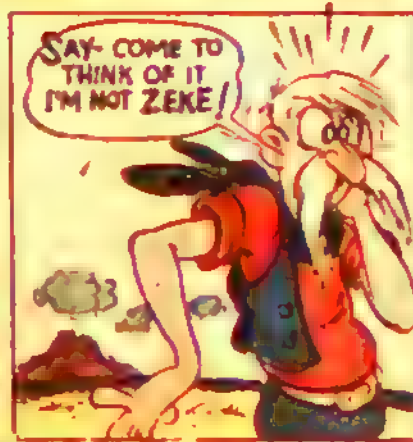
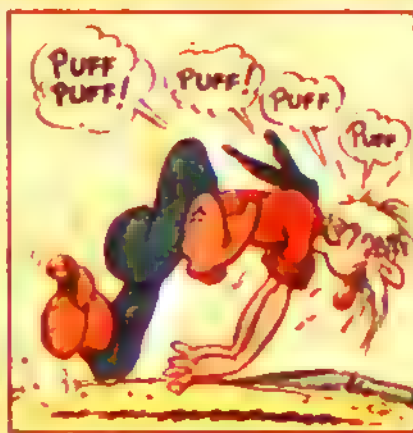
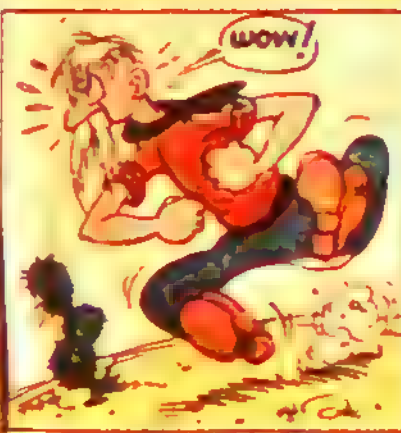
'BABE' RUTH COVERED MORE THAN 50 MILES IN RUNNING OUT HIS HOME RUNS

729 HOMERS

CAN A BOXER BEAT A WRESTLER? THIS QUESTION WAS ANSWERED BY HAVING BOXER 'RUFFIN' LINDSAY MEET WRESTLER RAY STEELE. LEVINSKY SWUNG AND MISSED — AND WAS DUMPED AND PINNED BY STEELE (1925)



EDDY LARRY DILL



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The ADVENTURES of MARCO POLO

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN

MARCO POLO RESCUES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A BRUTAL BANDIT CHIEF AND KILLS HIM IN SINGLE COMBAT. TENDERLY HE CARRIES THE GIRL TO HIS ROOM AND TEMPORARY SAFETY. GRATEFULLY SHE THANKS MARCO FOR HIS GALLANTRY.



BUT WHO ARE YOU? - AND WHAT HAPPENED? WHO IS THIS DEAD MAN?

HE IS THE LEADER OF THESE MEN BELOW, AND THE ENEMY OF MY FATHER. WITH A SUPERIOR FORCE THEY FOLLOWED AND ATTACKED US. I FEAR MY FATHER HAS BEEN WOUNDED. I AM IN HERE BEFORE THEY WOULD SEE ME.



IF THE BANDITS FIND OUT THEIR CHIEF IS KILLED THEY WILL PUT TO TORTURE EVERY ONE IN THIS PLACE.

BUT THEY NEEDN'T KNOW WE MUST HIDE HIM UNTIL WE CAN FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS



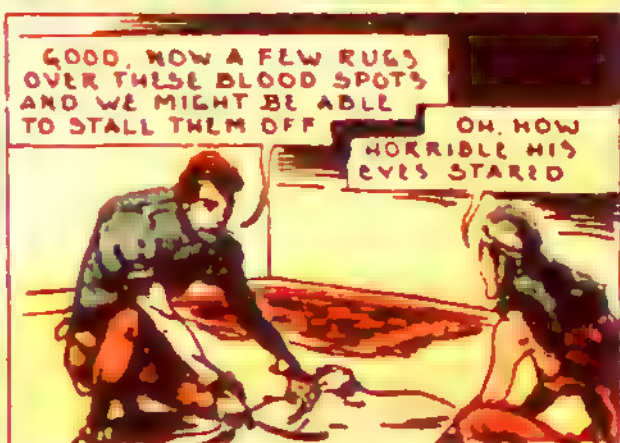
SAY! HERE UNDER THAT COUCH IS A GOOD PLACE

OH I DO HOPE THEY WON'T LOOK FOR HIM HERE



GOOD. NOW A FEW RUGS OVER THESE BLOOD SPOTS AND WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO STALL THEM OFF

OH. HOW HORRIBLE HIS EYES STARED



QUICK NOW TO MY FATHER'S QUARTERS. WE MUST PLOT OUR NEXT MOVES CAREFULLY



THE ELDER POLOS AND THE INNKEEPER ARE TOLD OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

HM-WE CAN'T FIGHT OUR WAY THRU THESE VICTORY CRAZED MEN. THEY ARE TOO MANY FOR US

IF WE COULD REACH MY PEOPLE THEY WOULD SEND A LARGE FORCE TO SAVE US



I HAVE A PLAN. WHY CAN'T I DRESS IN THE BANDIT'S CLOTHES, SLIP AWAY AND RIDE FOR HELP? WHERE DO YOUR PEOPLE LIVE?

DIRECTLY TO THE WEST OF HERE, MANY HOURS RIDE. IT'S A STONE CASTLE ON A LITTLE HILL.

IT'S A WILD SCHEME, MY SON, YET, IT MAY WORK. I SCARCE DARE LET YOU UNDERTAKE THIS DANGEROUS RISK.

BUT FATHER, THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE, AND IT MIGHT SAVE THE LIFE OF ALL OF US.

HASTILY MARCO DONS THE DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES AND CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBS OUT THE WINDOW NEAREST THE STABLES.

WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE GROUND HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS AND VOICES APPROACHING IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT.

I HOPE I MAKE IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

GOSH - SOMEBODY IS COMING --

FOR A MOMENT EVERYTHING SEEMS LOST - THEN, TAKING A DARING CHANCE, MARCO DROPS TO THE GROUND AND STAGGERS ACROSS THE YARD AS TWO HELPLESSLY DRUNK.

HEY, YOU! WHERE'S ALL THAT GOOD WINE - YOU'RE SOUSING?

LET HIM GO. HE'S TOO DRUNK TO TALK. HE MUST HAVE FOUND IT IN THE WINE CELLAR. COME ON LADS, ON TO THE CELLAR.

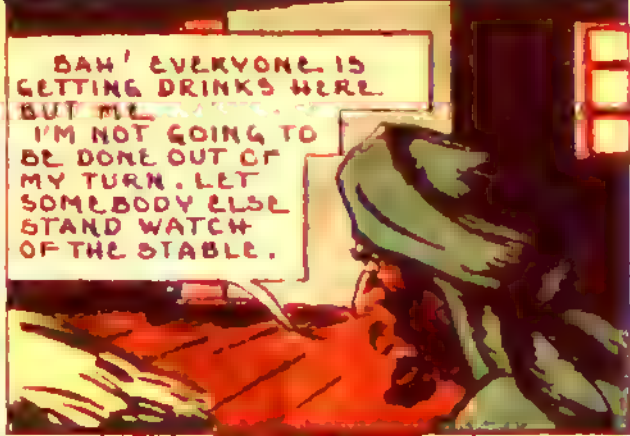
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE. NOW FOR THE STABLES.

AT THE DOOR MARCO AGAIN STOPS SHORT - A FIGURE IS MOVING ABOUT INSIDE.

BOLDLY HE ENTERS AND STAGGERING UP TO THE WHITE CHARGER HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND BREAKS INTO A DRUNKEN SNORE.



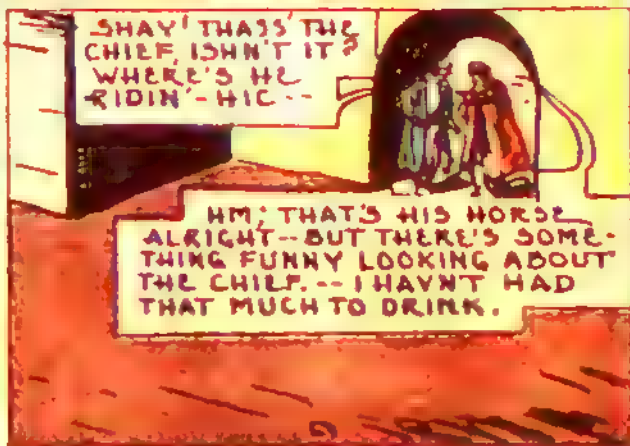
BAH! EVERYONE IS GETTING DRINKS HERE. BUT ME I'M NOT GOING TO BE DONE OUT OF MY TURN. LET SOMEBODY ELSE STAND WATCH OF THE STABLE.



LEFT ALONE FOR THE MOMENT MARCO JUMPS ON THE WHITE HORSE AND GALLOPS OFF ACROSS THE COURTYARD.



SHAY! THASS THE CHIEF, ISHN'T IT? WHERE'S HE RIDIN'-HIC--



HM; THAT'S HIS HORSE ALRIGHT--BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY LOOKING ABOUT THE CHIEF. -- I HAVN'T HAD THAT MUCH TO DRINK.

BY THE WAY, WHAT BECAME OF THE GIRL WHO WAS HERE. I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE

GIRL? -OH, YESH -SHE RAN IN THERE



THE CHIEF'S LIEUTENANT GOES UP TO THE GUESTS QUARTERS TO INVESTIGATE

SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON HERE.. THE CHIEF WOULDN'T RIDE OFF WITHOUT US



WHY NO - YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF, THERE'S NO CHIEF, TAIN OR GIRL HERE. THEY MUST HAVE GONE AWAY

HA! MAYBE SHE WAS THE ONE WHO RODE AWAY ON THE CHIEF'S HORSE --



ABOUT TO LEAVE THE ROOM THE MAN SPIES A FOOT SHOWING UNDER THE COUCH.

HERE! WHAT'S THAT UNDER THE COUCH?

WHY--WHY--



W-W-WHY THE CHIEF! --
WHO DID
THIS?

I-I-DON'T
KNOW-

WHAT CAN WE
HAVE TO DO
WITH HIM?

VERY WELL, MY FRIENDS.
MAYBE A LITTLE SLOW COOKING
IN HOT OIL OR STRETCHING YOU
APART IN THE RACK WILL PRO-
DUCE SOME
TALK --

THE BANDIT PLACES GUARDS ALL A-
ROUND THE BUILDING, CUTTING OFF
EVERY AVENUE OF ESCAPE.

GUARD EVERY
DOOR AND
WINDOW, MEN.
LET NO
ONE E-
SCAPE.

ARAB AHMED, WHO IS ALSO STOPPING
AT THE INN TRIES TO INTERCEDE FOR
THE POLOS.

NO, AHMED, I TRUST NO ONE. YOU
MAY LEAVE HERE AFTER I SEARCH
YOUR TRAIN.
THESE OTHERS
MUST AN-
SWER FOR
THEIR
ACTS.

ALRIGHT MEN!
LOOT THE INN,
BUT DO NOT
HARM THE
PEOPLE
IN IT.

IN THE MEANTIME --
MADLY MARCO TEARS OVER THE UN-
KNOWN FIELDS, THE POWERFUL BEAST'S
HOOF THUNDERING IN A MAD RACE
AGAINST TIME.

WHILE - BACK
AT THE INN

NOW THEN, BRING
A SCALDING KETTLE
AND OIL, ALSO
ROPES AND BARS
AND WE SHALL
ENTERTAIN OUR
GUESTS IN A WAY
THEY'LL NEVER
FORGET

THEY INTEND TO
BURN AND TORTURE US
ALIVE. LET US FIGHT
LIKE MEN AND SELL
OUR LIVES DEARLY.
MARCO CAN NEVER
RETURN IN TIME
TO SAVE US.

CONTINUED

THE DIDDLE FAMILY

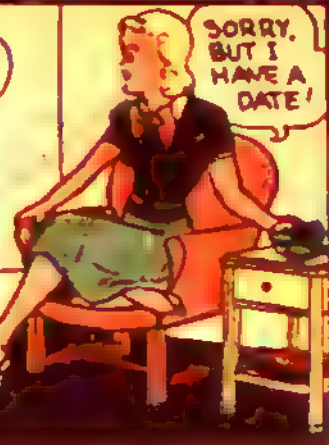
ALL RIGHT—I'LL BE READY AT EIGHT-THIRTY!



I HEARD YOU— BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE GRANPA AN ME FOR A RIDE TO-NIGHT!



SORRY, BUT I HAVE A DATE!



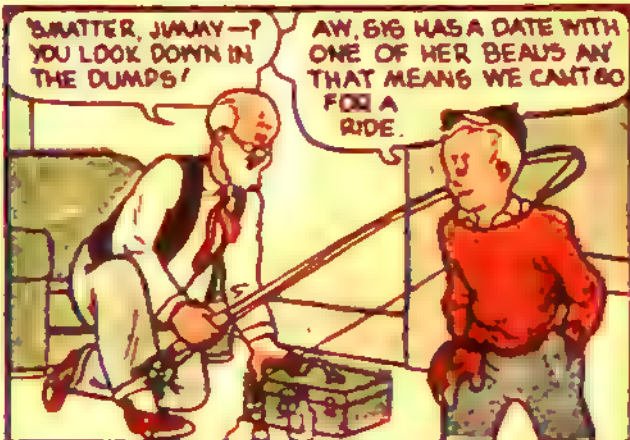
YOU TAKE US FOR A RIDE OR I'LL TELL POP HOW 'HE FENDER ON THE CAR GOT ALL SMASHED UP!



I'VE ALREADY TOLD HIM—

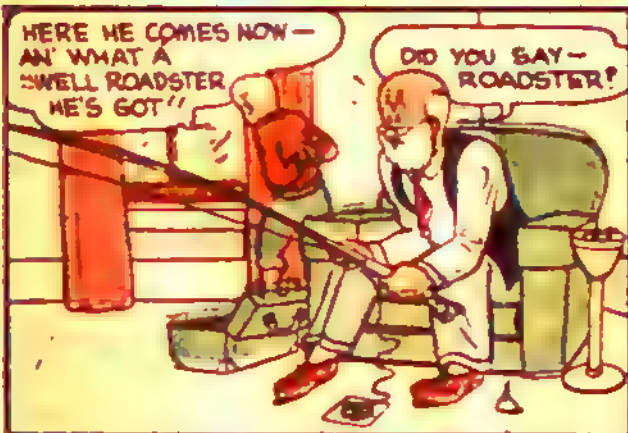


'SMATTER, JIMMY—? YOU LOOK DOWN IN THE DUMPS!



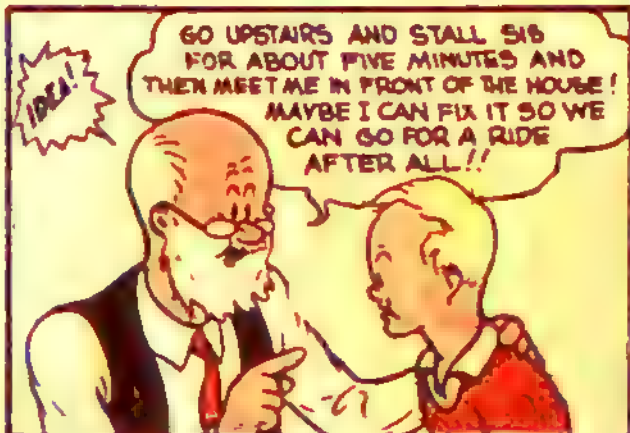
AW, SIS HAS A DATE WITH ONE OF HER BEAUS AN THAT MEANS WE CAN'T GO FOR A RIDE.

HERE HE COMES NOW— AN' WHAT A 'SWELL ROADSTER HE'S GOT!"



DID YOU SAY— ROADSTER?

GO UPSTAIRS AND STALL SIS FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AND THEN MEET ME IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE! MAYBE I CAN FIX IT SO WE CAN GO FOR A RIDE AFTER ALL!!



GOING FOR A RIDE • HOW LOVELY! COME INTO THE PALOR AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME WHILE I MOP UP—AHEM— TIDY UP THE KITCHEN!!

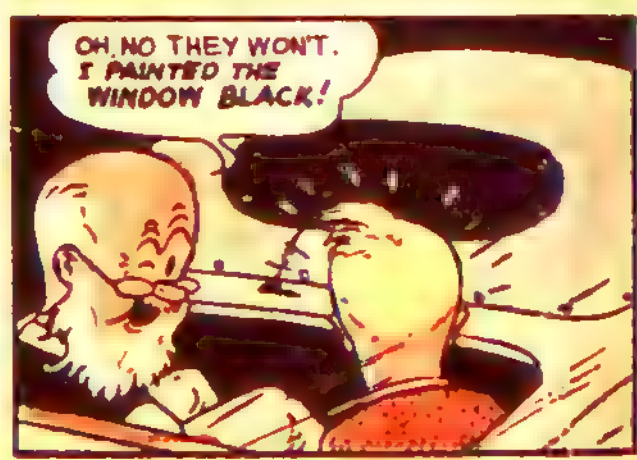
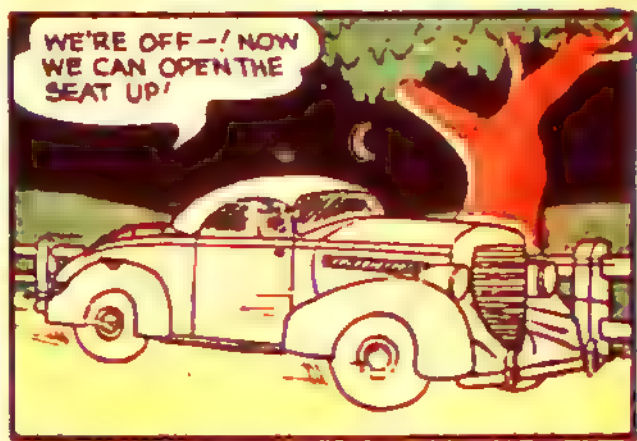
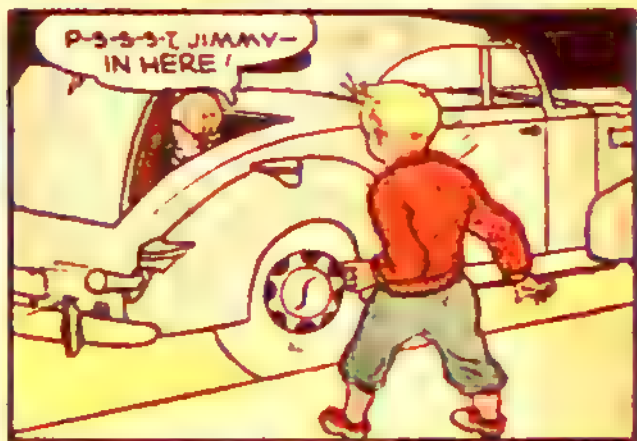
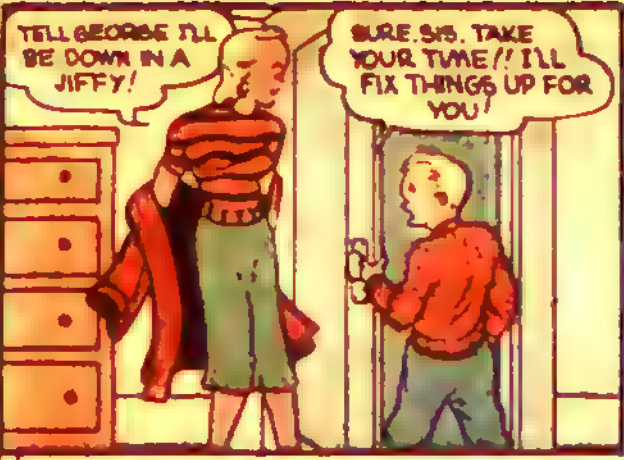


THANK YOU, MRS. DIDDLE. I WILL.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL PUT SOMETHING ELSE ON!



YOU OUGHTA— THAT OUTFIT LOOKS TERRIBLE. (BOY—I'M RELIEVED NOW. I'D BETTER HURRY DOWN AN SEE WHAT GRANPA'S UP TO.)



JUNGLE EPISODE

By

RICHARD MARTIN

EARLY that morning Dick and Ted left the small outpost, in the deep Congo jungle, for the sixty-mile trek to the base camp on the Aawha River. Both the young men were engineers working for the Royal Rubber Company, a large and wealthy organization, with numerous plantations scattered throughout the world in the tropic and semi-tropic countries. One of the company's largest and most productive sources of rubber supply was a vast tract of land set right down in the heart of the African jungle-land. And to this plantation came Dick and Ted after they had graduated from the engineering college they had both attended back in America.

The last six months they had spent at a tiny outpost, miles away from the other members of the rubber company. Once a month it became necessary to cut their way through the

thick Congo forest to the main camp for supplies and material. Generally the trip took two full days, for the undergrowth was exceedingly heavy and the days, hot and humid, were short lived.

The hours passed swiftly and the sun floated down the heavens toward the western horizon behind the green foliage of the jungle. The little party marched single file, Dick leading, followed by a dozen naked, half-savage porters, their black bodies glistening like polished pieces of ebony in the increasing twilight. Ted brought up the rear, with a revolver strapped to his thigh and a powerful elephant rifle slung over his shoulder.

With a final and breath-taking splash of red and gold across the sky, the sun dipped beneath the horizon and disappeared. The tropic twilight was brilliant but soon over, and the gathering dusk covered the jungle with its mantle of melancholy solitude.

"Think we ought to call a halt for the night?" Ted shouted ahead to Dick.

"Might as well," his friend replied. "We can make a bright and early start in the morning and we'll reach the Aawha River just about this time tomorrow night."

They shouted orders to the natives in the Congolese language and soon the tents had been erected and a roaring fire blazed cheerfully in the blackening night. The birds and monkeys, sleeping quietly during the heat of the day, woke from their slumbers and burst into a symphony of song and chatter. The occasional roar of a hungry beast of the jungle made Dick and Ted both thankful for the presence of the fire, built especially for the purpose of frightening the roving animals away.

They finished their evening meal

and lighted their briars. The porters sat to one side, huddled around a small fire they had built for cooking. And then off in the distance came thumping of drums, at first soft, barely audible but increasing loud and clearly till it seemed that the whole jungle vibrated with rhythmic beats.

The natives stopped their eating and looking up, rolled their eyes apprehensively. Dick scowled and lines on Ted's face became grim thought. Louder and louder came sounds of the drums, rising and falling in a maddening beat of savage tones.

"This is something we didn't expect!" snapped Ted, his hand resting on the butt of his revolver.

"They're savages from the K... Tribe; I can tell by the sound of the drums," said Dick, gripping his rifle tightly in his mouth. "And they're the type of fellows I wouldn't care meet for a long, long time. They're cruel and uncivilized and at times they even resort to cannibalism."

The sound of the beating drums became so intense that it seemed as if they were being pounded within twenty yards of the camp site. The native baggage-bearers commenced to murmur among themselves in fragmented fragments of conversation. They moved about restlessly, many of them shivering violently with fear.



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then suddenly on all sides came a horrible outburst of yelling screams! From out of the brush rushed scores of painted savages, roaring, and brandishing knives and Ted instantly reached for one of the three of the savages leap-frogging him to the earth. Ted found himself in the self-same predicament, held and held firmly by a half-dozen tribesmen.



of the porters, crated with and dashed madly toward the heavy but a gleaming spear whistled through the air and he dropped to the ground, pierced clean through. The porters sank to their knees and begged for mercy at the hands of the Kantu savages.

and Ted were roughly tied to the trunks of two nearby trees. An unwieldy savage stepped forth from the group of Kantu tribesmen pointing his finger at the engineers, asking them why they should not be invading the country of the white men. He said they were sent by the white men to conquer and destroy the people and unless they gave up to the contrary, they would die by death by fire.

"He means what he says, too!" Ted muttered through his teeth. "But he's thinking fast!"

Ted dropped his head in thought and in so doing, his eyes rested on the cartridge-belt circling his waist. He had an idea! Raising his head, he spoke to the tribal chieftain and informed him that if they would free his hands he would give them a sign that they were not to be killed, rather that they should be permitted to continue their journey without further interruption. The old chief ordered Ted's hands to be loosened and the young engineer walked over to the blazing fire. From his cartridge-belt he pulled out a handful of bullets and with a silent prayer of hope on his lips, he tossed them into the flames.

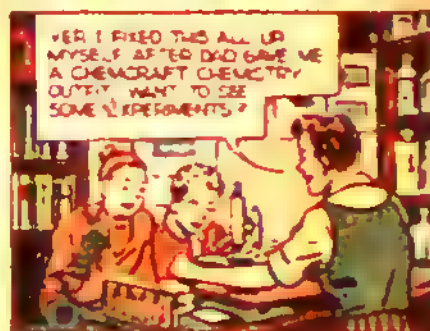
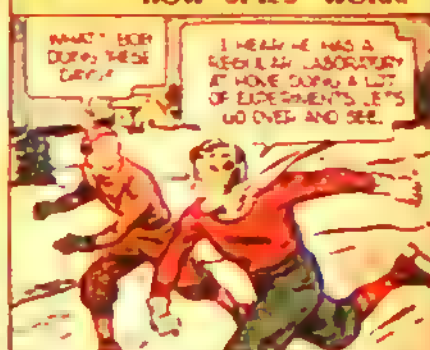
A few moments passed and there came a series of sharp explosions from the center of the fire. The Kantu tribesmen were motionless with amazement... this white man must be a god! For had he not taken a few pieces of black stone and throwing them into the fire, caused them to burst asunder with a terrifying report? Many of the savages dropped their spears to the ground as a token of respect for this great white lord and the ancient chieftain, moving over to Ted's side, bowed low and asked forgiveness for the terrible wrong they had committed.

Ted indicated that the mistake would be overlooked and answered that he and the other white lord and their party would again start their march through the jungle in the morning and it was their desire to do so unmolested. The chieftain replied that every wish of the white lord would be granted, and turning, he spoke to the savages. They nodded their heads in assent and picking up their spears and arms they swung about, disappearing into the depths of the jungle. Presently all was still.

Towards eventide the following day, the two engineers and the bearers reached the main camp on the Aawha River. They were warmly greeted by their fellow workers who listened intently to the tale they told of the night before. And some time later, when they were ordering the supplies for the coming month it was Ted who said: "We've changed our minds about getting just one case of ammunition; you'd better make it three. We discovered that those 'little black stones' come in mighty handy and we may have to use them again sometime to startle those Kantu savages!"

THE END

BOB SHOWED THEM HOW SPIES WORK!



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TEX THOMSON

DOUBLE TROUBLE

By Bernard Bailey

WHILE FLYING OVER THE TROUSADIAN MOUNTAINS TEX THOMSON IS FORCED TO LAND HIS PLANE AFTER BEING THREATENED BY ANOTHER PLANE. SHORTLY BEFORE THE AUDACIOUS CAPTAIN DIABLO, TEX DISCOVERS THAT THEY ARE IDENTICAL IN LOOKS. AS A RESULT OF THEIR ASTONISHING RESEMBLANCE CAPTAIN DIABLO FORCES TEX TO JOIN HIS BAND OF REBELS, BUT TEX ESCAPES IN THE CAPTAIN'S PLANE. ARRIVING AT THE GOVERNMENT AIRPORT, TEX IS MISTAKEN FOR THE REBEL CAPTAIN AND IS THROWN INTO PRISON TO AWAIT A MILITARY TRIAL...



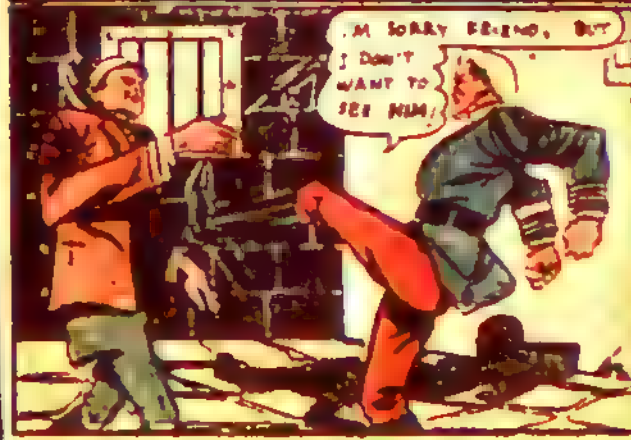
THEY'RE CERTAINLY GOT ME IN A SPOT... AND I'VE NO WAY TO PROVE I'M NOT CAPTAIN DIABLO...



BUT I'VE GOT TO PROVE TO THEM THAT I'M NOT THE PERSON THEY'RE LOOKING FOR - BUT HOW?



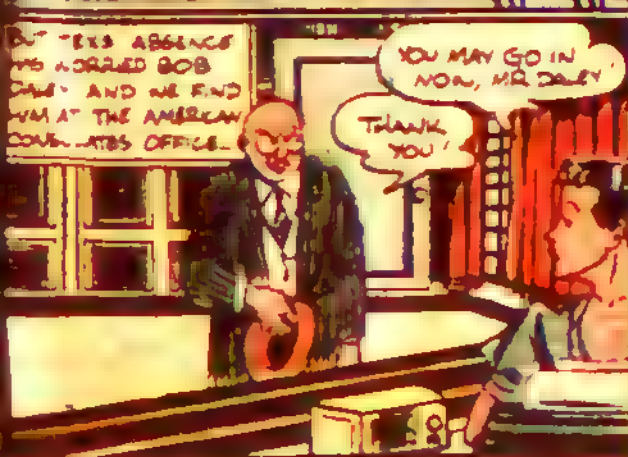
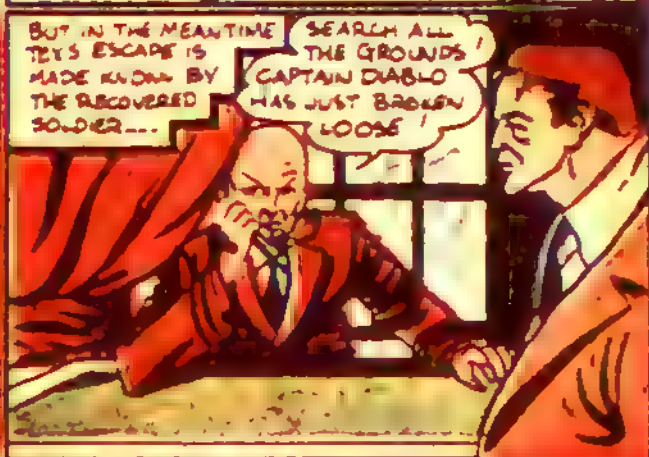
WELL, COME WITH ME CAPTAIN DIABLO THE CHIEF OF STATE WANTS TO SEE YOU

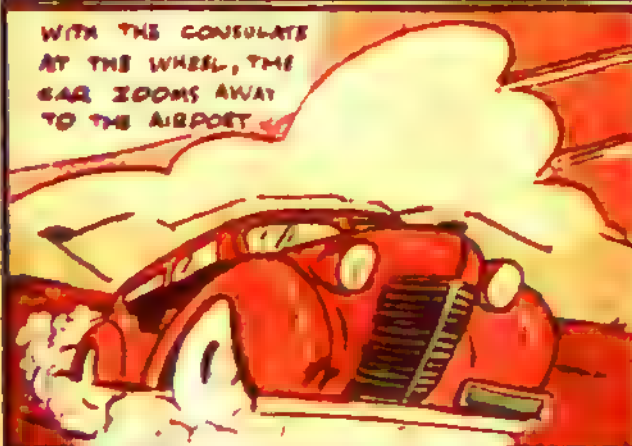
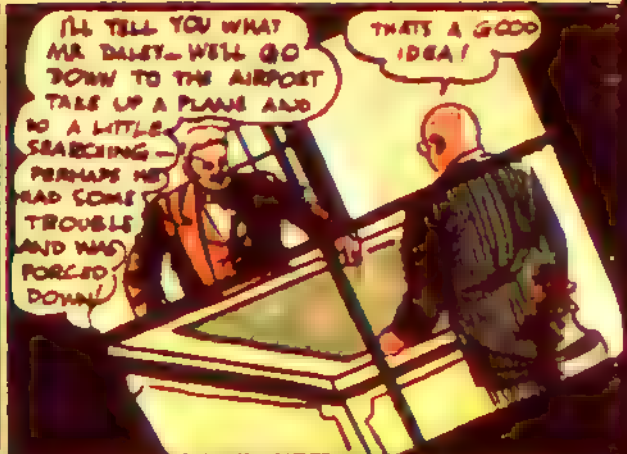


I'M SORRY FRIEND, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM!



A SHARP BLOW TO THE JAW AND THE ASTONISHED GUARD DROPS TO THE FLOOR - KNOCKED OUT





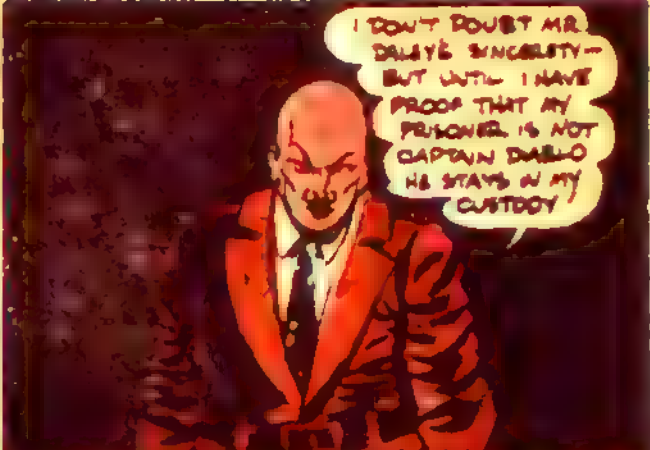
BOB FINALLY
CONVINCES
THE CONSUL
AND
MY BOTH
TO IN TO SEE
THE CHIEF
OF STAFF...
BOB HAS
JUST RELATED
THE STORY...



I'M SORRY
GENTLEMEN-- BUT
I KNOW THAT
THE PRISONER
IS CAPTAIN DABLO

BUT I KNOW
THAT HE'S
TEX THOM-
SON!

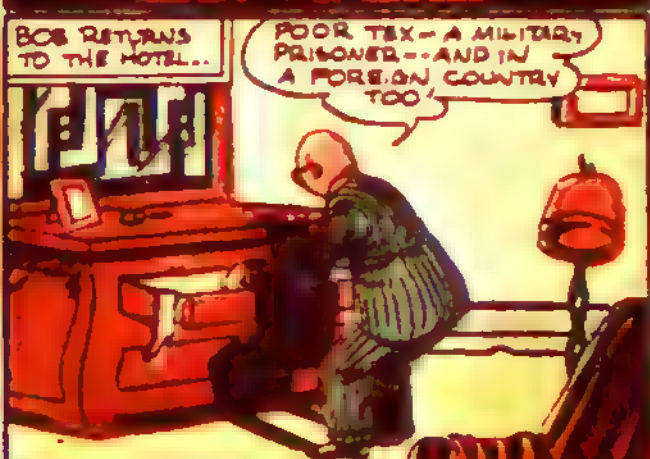
AND I'LL
VOUGH FOR
MR. DABLY!



I DON'T DOUBT MR.
DABLY'S SINCERITY--
BUT UNTIL I HAVE
PROOF THAT MY
PRISONER IS NOT
CAPTAIN DABLO
HE STAYS IN MY
CUSTODY



IF IT'S PROOF YOU
WANT-- JUST WAIT
HERE AND I'LL BRING
YOU ALL YOU WANT!



BOB RETURNS
TO THE HOTEL...

POOR TEX-- A MILITARY
PRISONER-- AND IN
A FOREIGN COUNTRY
TOO!



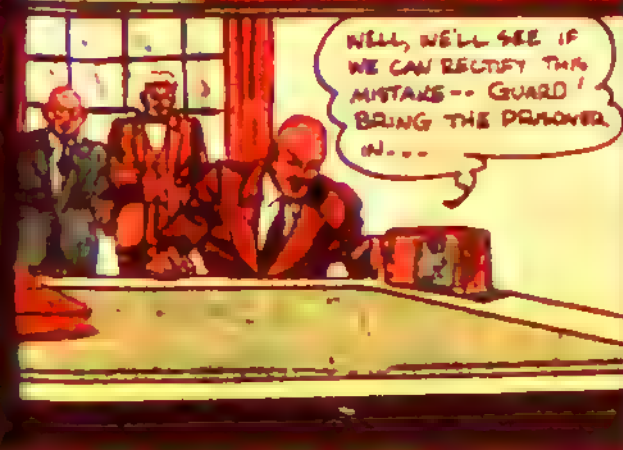
I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE
THEM THAT HE'S NOT
THIS CAPTAIN DABLO!



... AND HERE
ARE SOME
MORE CLIPPINGS

DO YOU SEE
THE SUI-
CIDALITY!

HM-- PERHAPS
I'LL MINT-
A MEN!

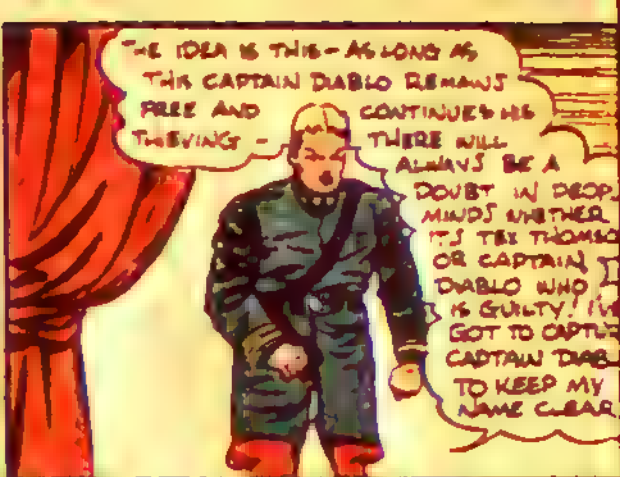


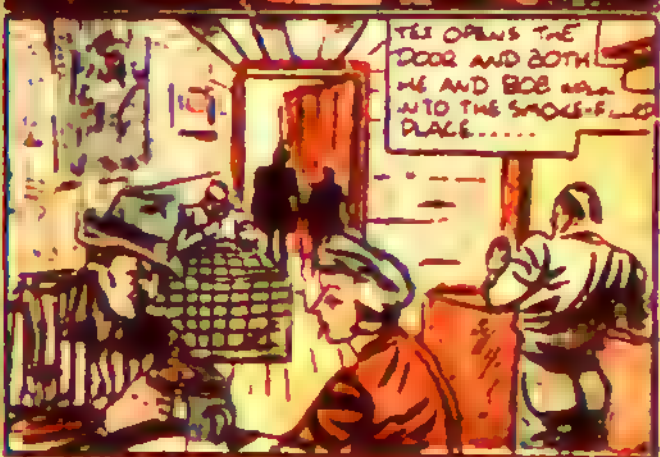
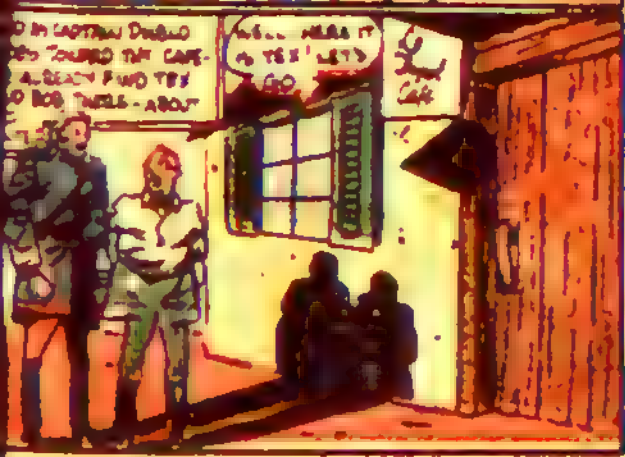
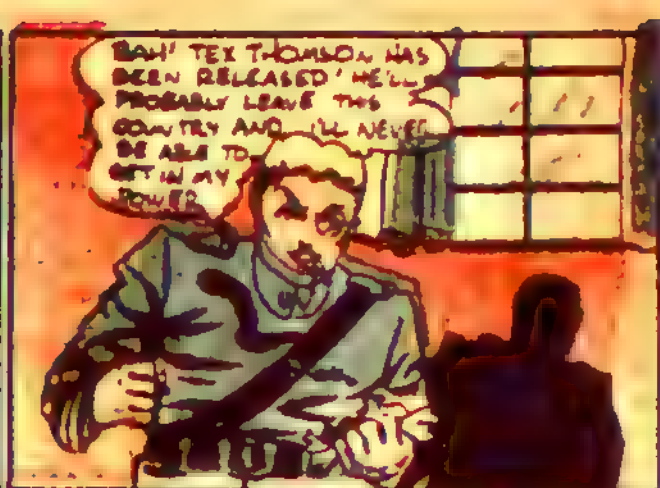
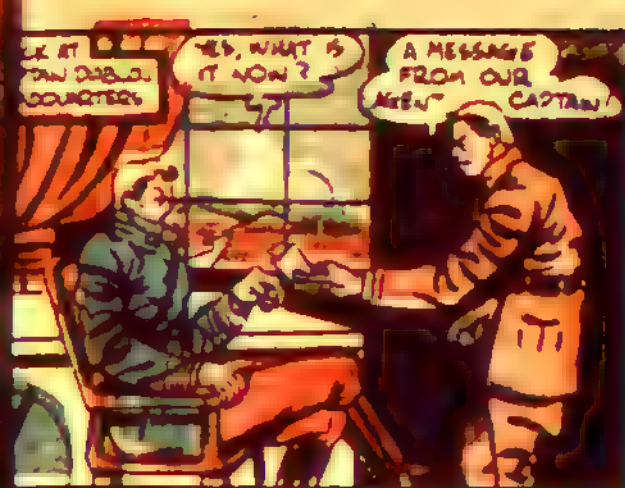
WELL, WE'LL SEE IF
WE CAN RECTIFY THIS
MISTAKE-- GUARD!
BRING THE PRISONER
IN...



I'M SORRY I'VE INCONVENIENCED
YOU, MR. THOMSON-- CAN
I DO SOME THING FOR
YOU IN RETURN?

YES YOU CAN
SIR! I WOULD
LIKE TO JOIN
YOUR ARMY--
TEMPORARILY!





BACK IN THE
CHIEF OF STAFFS
OFFICE...

TAKE CHARGE WHILE
I'M OUT. I'M GOING
OUT TO SEE AND
KEEP AN EYE ON
MR THOMSON.



BACK IN THE
CAPTAIN'S
MISTAKES
TEA FOR
CAPTAIN
DIABLO

WELCOME, CAPTAIN!
THIS IS AN HONOR

DON'T MENTION MY NAME
NO ONE MUST KNOW I
M HERE



BRING A BOTTLE
OF WINE AND
THEN FORGET WE
WERE
HERE

DO YOU THINK
A FELLOW COULD
GET A MALTED
MILK HERE?

I UNDERSTAND
SIR

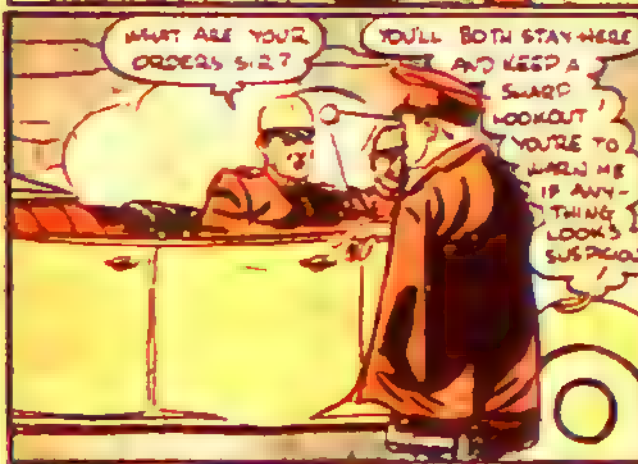


KEEP YOUR EYES AND
EARS OPEN, BOB
ANYTHING CAN
HAPPEN IN A
PLACE LIKE
THIS



WHAT ARE YOUR
ORDERS SIR?

YOU'LL BOTH STAY HERE
AND KEEP A
SHARP
LOOKOUT
YOU'RE TO
WARN ME
IF ANY-
THING
LOOKS
SUSPICIOUS



IF ANYTHING GOES
WRONG INSIDE, I'LL
CALL FOR YOU-
SO BE READY AT
ALL TIMES



DON'T WORRY
CAPTAIN WE
KNOW WHAT
TO DO

GOOD
I'LL SEE
YOU MEN
LATER



OPEN UP INSIDE
THERE'S A CATCHER
WAITING TO
GET IN





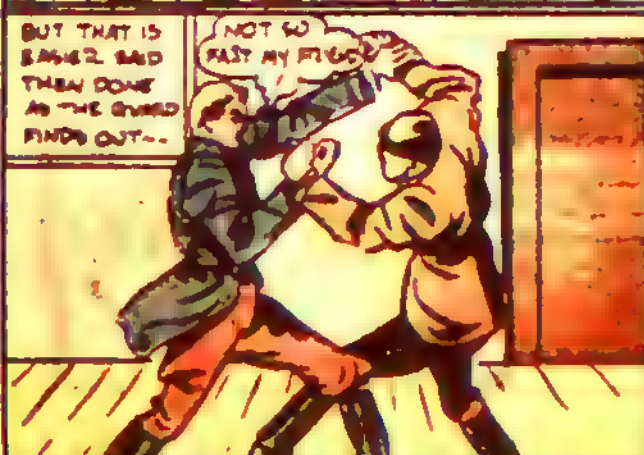


OW! SO IT'S YOU TEE THOMSON!
WELL YOU WON'T GET AWAY
THIS TIME! GUARDS!
GUARDS!



AT THE SOUND OF
CAPTAIN DIABLO'S
VOICE HIS GUARDS
COME RUN
NINE...

GET THAT MAN
THE ONE THAT
LOOKS LIKE ME
GET HIM!



BUT THAT IS
EASIER SAID
THAN DONE
AS THE GUARD
FINDS OUT--

NOT SO
FAST MY FRIEND!



A BAKKING BLOW
TO THE JAW AND
THE GUARD GOES
DOWN.



ARE YOU ALLRIGHT
BOB?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT
ME, TEE! I CAN HANDLE
THIS LUG! DON'T LET
CAPTAIN DIABLO GET
AWAY!



DON'T WORRY ME--
NOT GET AWAY
THIS TIME!



CAPTAIN DIABLO -
HIS FACE ANIMATED
WITH FEAR - RAN
DESPERATELY FOR
THE DOOR...

IT NOT FAST ENOUGH!
COMING FROM BEHIND
TEX MAKES A FLYING
KICKLE - BRINGING
CAPTAIN DOWN!



GET UP CAPTAIN!
YOU'RE GOING TO
COME WITH ME
TO HEAD-
QUARTERS!



YOU'LL HAVE TO
KILL ME FIRST!



THAT WON'T BE
NECESSARY MR THOMSON.
YOU'LL CONSIDER
YOURSELF MY
PRISONER CAP-
TAIN DABLO!



AW! WHY DON'T
YOU LET TEX
SOAK HIM
JUST ONCE



I DON'T THINK
IT'S NEEDED NOW

I'M SORRY THAT IT
HAD TO BE
WHO HAD
TO CAPTURE
YOU CAP-
TAIN!

I'M NOT! AS LONG AS
I HAVE BEEN
CAPTURED,
I'M GLAD IT
WAS BY YOU!



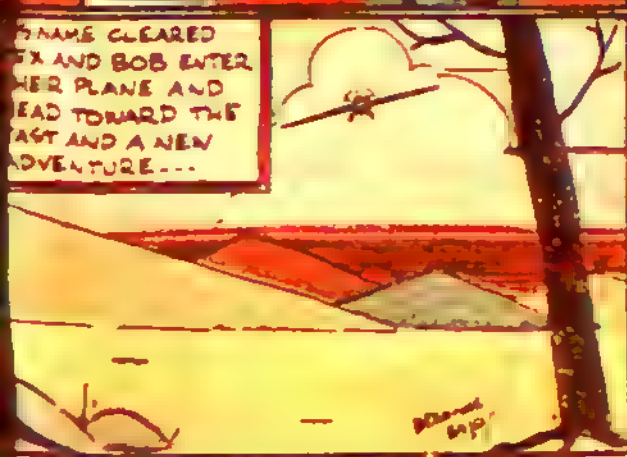
LATER IN
THE CHIEF
OF STAFF'S
OFFICE...



SOMEHOW YOU'VE GOT TO
LIKE A
TYPE-ON
LIKE THAT!

FRANKLY I LIKE
HIM NOW-ONLY
BECAUSE HE'S
BEHIND BARS!

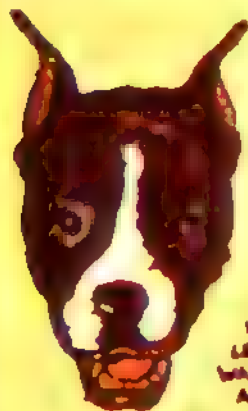
NAME CLEARED
TEX AND BOB ENTER
HER PLANE AND
HEAD TOWARD THE
EAST AND A NEW
ADVENTURE---



NEXT MONTH!
TEX THOMSON'S
thrilling adventure
in the "FAR EAST"

Now You Know

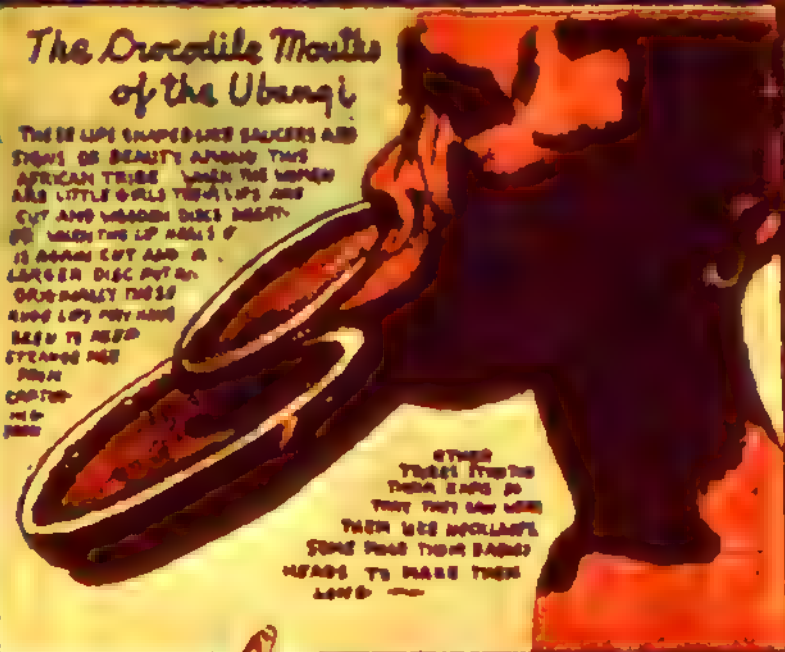
THE WALKING PAWNSHOP



DOGS USUALLY DEVELOP A MANIA FOR TREASURABLE OBJECTS. THIS ONE WAS NO EXCEPTION. SO WHEN A NEW YORK SURGEON WHO HAD INVENTED A NEW FORCEPS TO RETRIEVE CANINE INEDIBLES TESTED IT ON HIM, HE REMOVED AN 802 LEAD SINKER, A WRIST WATCH, A SPARK PLUG, AND A PAIR OF DICE.

The Crocodile Mouths of the Ubangi

THESE LIPS SHAPED LIKE SAUCERS AND STAYS OF BEAUTY AMONG THIS AFRICAN TRIBE. WHEN THE WOMEN AND LITTLE GIRLS TEEN LIPS ARE CUT AND WOODEN DISCS INSERTED, MAKING THE LIP AROUND IT IS AGAIN CUT AND A LARGER DISC PUT IN. ORIGINALLY THESE RINGS WERE MADE OF BEEN TO KEEP STRANGE MEN FROM CUTTING THEM.



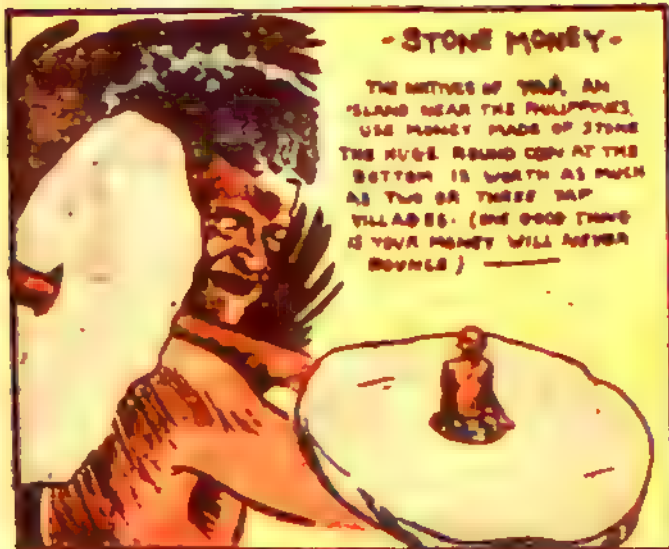
OTHER TRIBES THINK THEIR LIPS DO THAT THEY CAN WEAR THEM LIKE COLLARS. SOME HAVE THEIR LIPS STRETCHED TO MAKE THEM LONG.



A MAN WITH METAL TEETH
IS ALBERT ORWIN WHO HOLDS A PERFECT SET OF FALSE TEETH OUT OF A CRANKCASE OF AN OLD MOTORCYCLE.



IN A PENN. HOSPITAL, MRS. GEORGINA DE KINNE WAS TAKEN INTO A LEO WOUND BY A PANDA WHEN SUDDENLY HE BIT OFF THE TIP OF HER NOSE.



-STONE MONEY-

THE NATIVES OF YAP, AN ISLAND NEAR THE PHILIPPINES, USE MONEY MADE OF STONE. THE HUGE ROUND COIN AT THE BOTTOM IS WORTH AS MUCH AS TWO OR THREE YAP VILLAGES. (THE GOOD THING IS YOUR MONEY WILL NEVER BOUNCE.)



ROBERT COLLINS HOFFMAN, MUSCLE MAKER, CAN STAND ON HIS THUMBES. MR. HOFFMAN IS 6'7" 304 LBS., WEIGHS 247 LB., HAS A 47 1/2 INCH CHEST AND HAS A 17 1/2 INCH BEAR.

WORLD OF STAMPS

Colony Honored by Finns

Finland has recently released several stamp issues, but to us, the most interesting is the stamp commemorating the Swedish-Finnish Delaware Tercentenary. The adhesive, which is of 3½ markka value, printed in blue, pictures two colonists in the act of uprooting a huge tree stump. The inscription reads, "Colonization of Delaware", the dates "1638-1938" appear in the lower corners and, contrary to Finnish postal custom, the name of the country appears in English as well as the native tongue.

Monument Set

In order to raise funds for a monument to the French Infantry, a new stamp has been released by France bearing a surtax. There are two values in the set—65c., plus 1fr. 10c., green-blue, and 55c., plus 70c., brown-violet. The design pictures a helmeted soldier in a trench. The inscription is: "A la Gloire de l'Infanterie Française".

New British Colonial

The British colony of Sierra Leone on the west coast of Africa, has issued its King George VI. postage paper. The first contingent of stamps consists of five values in two designs. A view of the Freetown from across the harbor appears on the ½d., green and black; 1d., red-violet and black; 3d., ultramarine and black. The remaining values, 1½d., crimson, and 2d., red-purple, picture natives harvesting rice. In the foreground is a native woman carrying two sheaves of rice on her head.

Each stamp presents a portrait of George VI. with in a diamond shaped frame at the left.

National Park Issues

This item is not exactly postage stamp news, but it is proving of great interest to stamp collectors, nevertheless.

Mr. H. S. van Graan, secretary of the Kruger National Park in South Africa, has prepared a sheet of eight stamps, or labels, each picturing a specimen of animal life found in the park. Each stamp is in a different color and the wild animal portraits are unusually fine. This set will prove a field day for collectors who specialize in zoology. According to the present plan, this pane sheet is the first of a series of six or more, the completed project to present a complete gallery of Africa's wild game. Inscriptions on the stamps are alternately in English and Afrikaans.

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SCOOP SCANLON

FIVE STAR REPORTER



by Will Ely

BOY / LOOK AT THIS GUN
COME / I'M GIVING HIM
PLENTY OF ROOM /



THE POWERFUL CRA WHIZZES BY SCOOP AND RUSTY
AT A TERRIFIC CLIP ---



WHY THAT CRAZY
FOOL MUST BE
DOING EIGHTY /

WHY SHOULD THEY BE
GOING THAT FAST ? I
THINK I GOT THE LI-
CENSE NUMBER ---



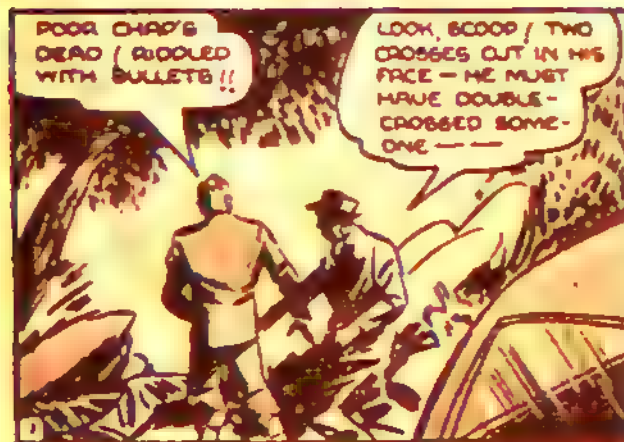
LOOK, RUSTY, ISN'T THAT
A MAN LYING AT THE
SIDE OF THE ROAD
THERE ---

SURE IS !
PULL UP ---



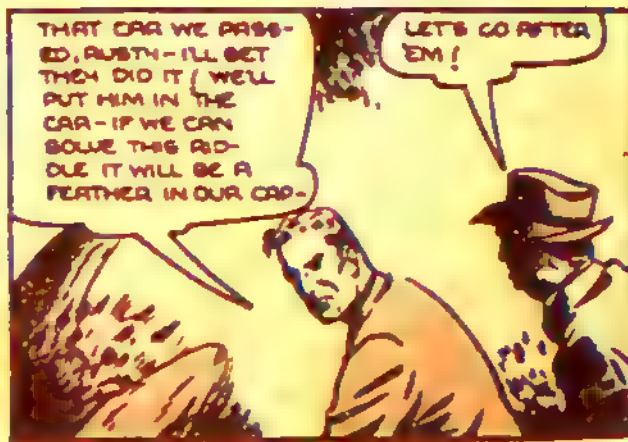
POOR CHAP'S
DEAD / RIDDLED
WITH BULLETS !!

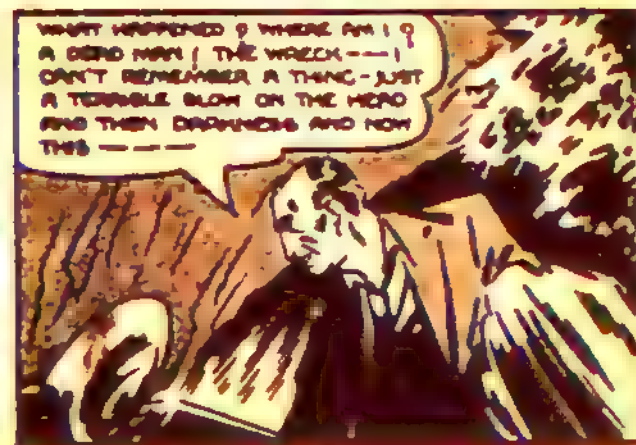
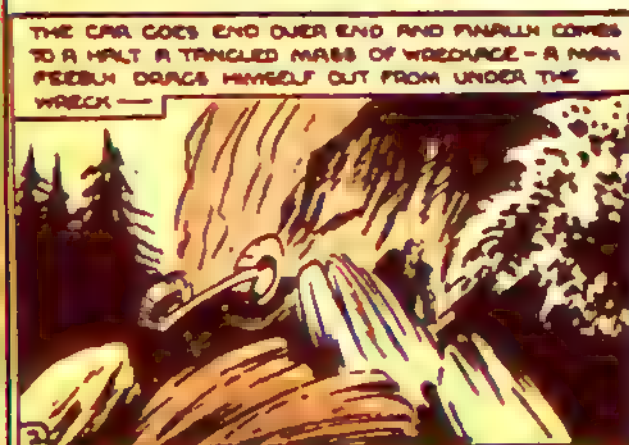
LOOK, SCOOP / TWO
CROSSES OUT IN HIS
FACE - HE MUST
HAVE DOUBLE-
CROSSED SOME-
ONE ---



THAT CAR WE PASSED-
ED, RUSTY - I'LL BET
THEY DID IT / WE'LL
PUT HIM IN THE
CAR - IF WE CAN
SOLVE THIS RI-
DULE IT WILL BE A
FEATHER IN OUR CAP-

LET'S GO AFTER
EM !





A BRIEF CASE—MONEY IN IT—
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!
BUT HOW DO I COME TO HAVE
IT? HOW DID I GET HERE?
WHO AM I?



IT'S BETTER GET OUT OF
HERE—THEY MIGHT THINK
I KILLED THIS MAN! OH—
NOW MY HEAD ACHES—



BUT THIS MONEY—IT'S NEW
AND COINED AND ALL IN LARGE
NOTES. I CAN'T SPEND IT UN-
TIL I FIND OUT HOW I GOT IT
AND WHO I AM—IT MAY BE
"HOT"—OH, IF I COULD ONLY
REMEMBER THINGS—

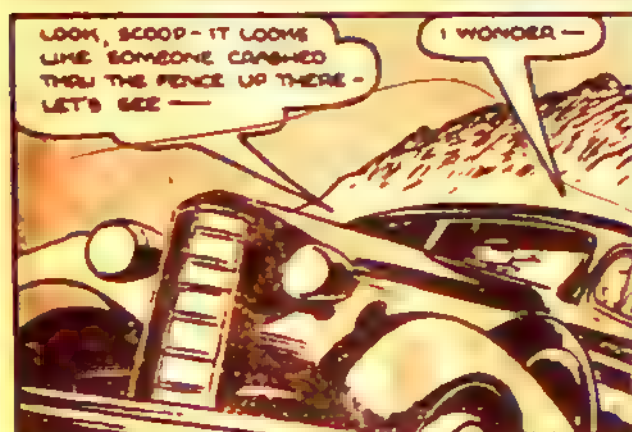


I KNOW—I'LL HIDE
IT! THAT'S WHAT
I'LL DO! AND AFTER
I RECOVER FROM THIS
SHOCK I'LL COME BACK
AND GET IT—



LOOK, SCOOP—IT LOOKS
LIKE SOMEONE CRASHED
THRU THE FENCE UP THERE—
LET'S SEE—

I WONDER—



I'LL BET THEY DID—
AND RUSTY! IT'S THE
CAR WE WERE AFTER—

I'LL GET SOME PICTURES,
SCOOP—GEE, I'D LIKE TO
KNOW WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT—



HA—HA—WHAT'S THIS—
LOOKS LIKE SOME
THINGS BEEN BURIED
HERE—



RUSTY! LOOK A
BRIEF CASE FULL OF
MONEY—COME ON,
BOB! THE STIFF, WE'VE
GOT TO GET TO THE POLICE!



RUSTY AND SCOOP
DRIVE BACK TO
TOWN AND RE-
PORT THEIR
FINDINGS TO
THE LOCAL
POLICE. —

YOU'VE DONE FINE
SO FAR BOYS! YES
I'LL LET YOU HAVE
AN EXCLUSIVE ON
THE STORY - WAIT
A MINUTE WHILE
I ANSWER THIS
PHONE. —

FINE, SHERIFF - OPERATOR,
CONNECT ME WITH NEW YORK. —

FINE, SCOOP! WE'D
RIGHT AFTER IT AND
SEND THE PICTURES
ALONG - AS SOON AS
ANYTHING BREAKS
GET IN TOUCH WITH
ME. —

LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS NEWS BREAKS —

LOOK HERE! THE FIVE
POINT BANK WAS
HELD UP BY TWO
MEN AND BEFORE
THEY COULD
THE POLICE HAD A
TIP-OFF CONCERNING
THE JOB. —

BUT I SUPPOSE THEY
WEREN'T QUICK
ENOUGH. —

EXACTLY! THAT
BIRD YOU FOUND
FIRST MUST HAVE
BEEN THE ONE
THAT RATTED —

THAT MEANS THERE IS
ONE STILL AT LARGE —
BUT AT LEAST WE'VE
GOT THE DOUGH —

THEY SAID IT WAS
PARTLY AN INSIDE
JOB - LISTEN TO
THE REPORT —

HEY, CHIEF - HERE ARE
THE PICTURES OF THE MUGS
THAT DID THE JOB. —

THEY COINCIDE ALL RIGHT
WITH THE TWO DEAD MEN —

YEAH - AND THIS
MUST BE THE
BIRD THAT'S
STILL LOOSE. —

YES - IT SAYS HERE
HE WAS EMPLOYED
IN THE BANK. —

A MAN'S BEEN MURDER-
ED - THIS BIRD'S DANGEROUS - WE'LL PUT OUT A
REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE. —

IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS REWARD POSTERS ARE CIRCULATED THROUGHOUT THE SECTION FOR MILES AROUND WITH A PICTURE OF THE EX-BANK EMPLOYEE



IN THE MEANTIME THE MAN HAD TAKEN A ROOM IN TOWN AND HAD BEEN SUFFERING TRYING TO REGAIN HIS MEMORY —



ABOUT THAT TIME HIS LANDLORD HAPPENS TO BE OUT SHOPPING AND SEES THE REWARD PICTURE —



THE POLICE ARRIVE ONLY TO FIND THE NEW ROOMER OUT —



THE ROOMER INNOCENTLY ENOUGH HAPPENS TO BE OUT WALKING AT THE TIME —



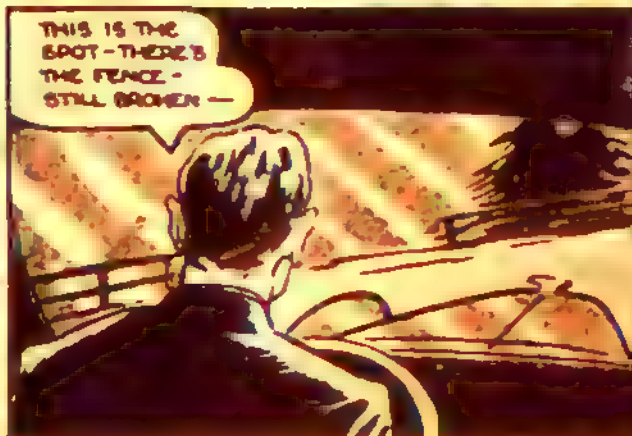
IT'S ME! NOW I REMEMBER - THE BANK ROBBERY - THEN THE AUTO SMASH! I LOST MY MEMORY! GOSH IVE GOT TO GET OUT OF SIGHT!

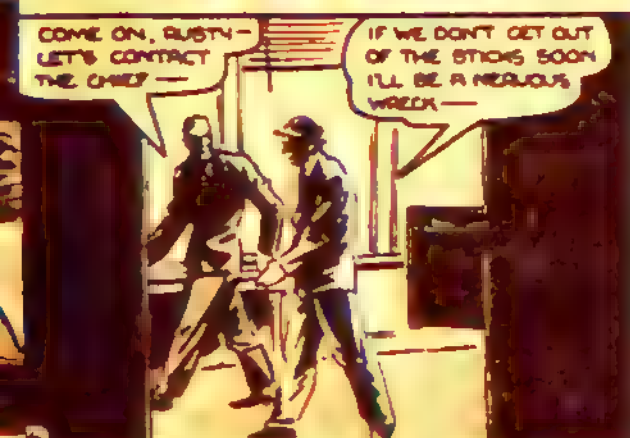


I'LL CRAB THIS CAR AND GO BACK AND CRAB THE COUGH FROM WHERE I HID IT —



THIS IS THE SPOT - THERE'S THE FENCE - STILL BROKEN —





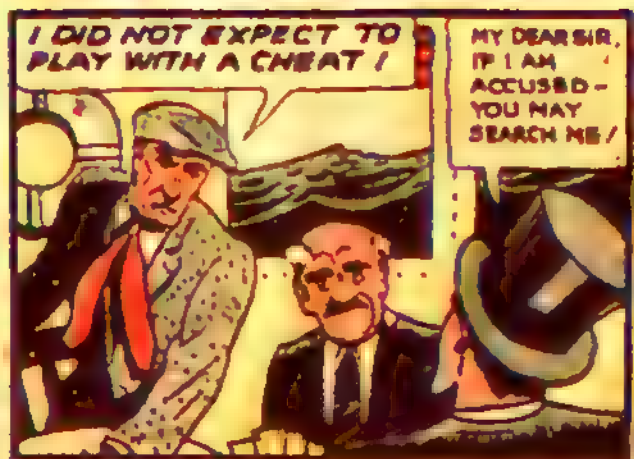
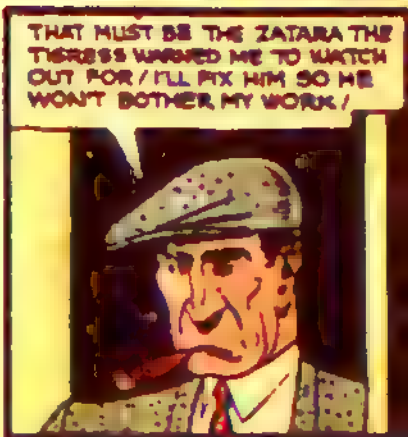
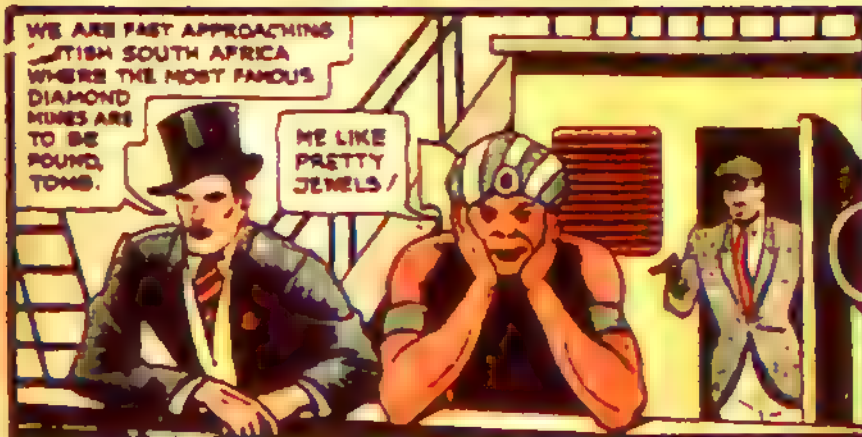
ZATARA

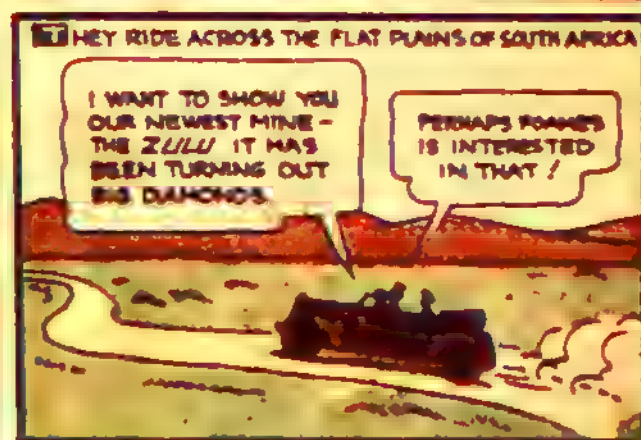
MASTER MAGICIAN

AND THE

ZULU DIAMOND MINE

BY FRED GUARDINEER





ZATARA, THIS IS
BILL COXE, THE
ZULU'S MANAGER.

I'VE HEARD
OF YOU,
ZATARA!

THAT EVENING-BACK IN TOWN
TONG, WE'RE INTO MORE EX-
CITEMENT AGAIN IS THERE
NO REST FOR US?

ME THINK
YOU NOT
LIKE REST,
MASTER!

GNASH
GNASH

THERE GOES FOAMES, TONG!
AFTER HIM-AS A BEE!



FOAMES GOES STRAIGHT TO
A DILAPIDATED DIVE -

WE'RE ALL HERE -
WHAT ABOUT THE
ZULUS?

THEY'RE
INSIDE,
DRINKIN'!



YOU FOOL! I TOLD YOU
NOT A DROP - UNTIL
LATER 'BRING THEM IN!



GLAD TO SEE
YOU IS THE RAID
ALL PLANNED?

WE ZULU
ATTACK AT
MIDNIGHT
WE SLAY
ALL!





AM, TONG,
YOU HAVE NOT
BEEN GONE
LONG / WHAT
NEWS ?



...AND THEY RAN
AT MIDNIGHT /

"HE ZULU MINE, EN!
COME TONG /



NO ONE SUSPECTS THAT THE FLEET NIGHT
ANTELOPE ARE REALLY ZATARA AND TONG -



ZATARA / WHAT
BRINGS YOU
HERE ?

HASTEN,
THERE IS
NO TIME
TO LOSE
IN TALK /



CAN'T LEAVE THESE
DIAMONDS HERE!
BE WITH
YOU IN A
BIPPY /



WE TOO LATE.
MASTER, LOOK !



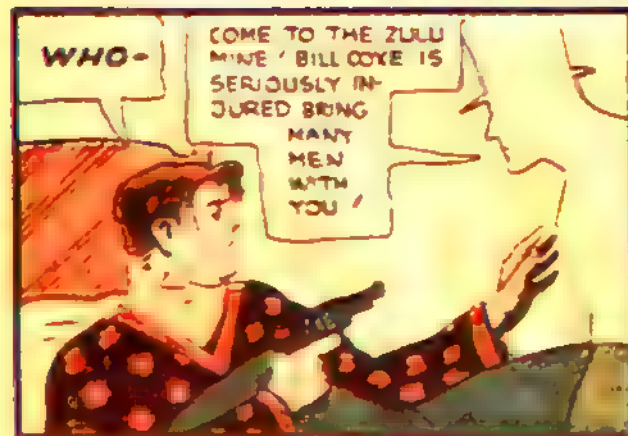
AYA!

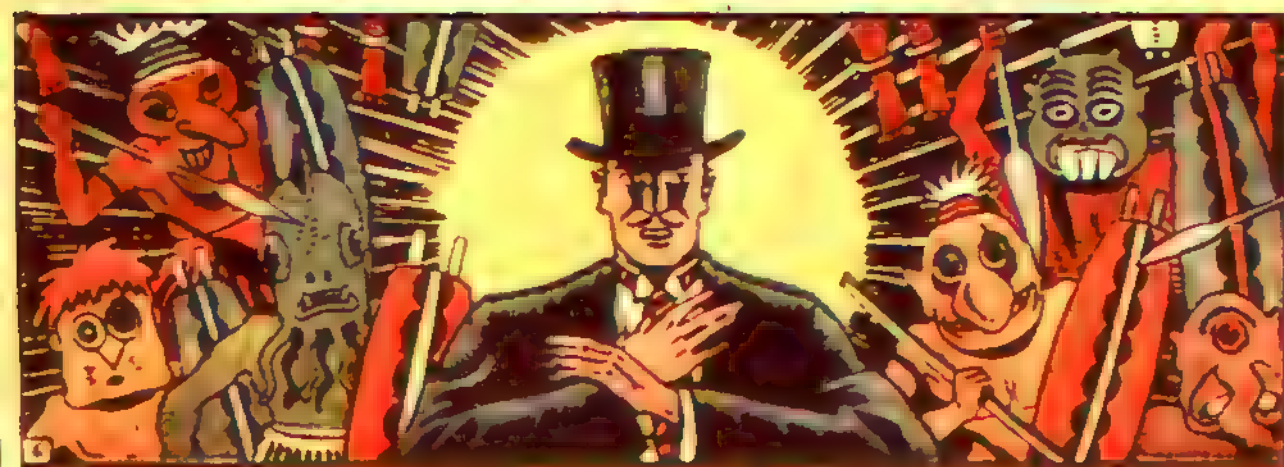
AYA!



WHO
YOU ?

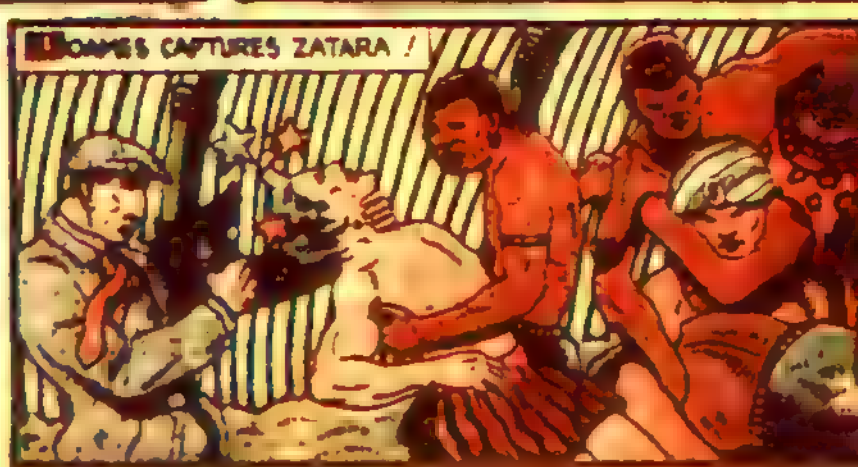
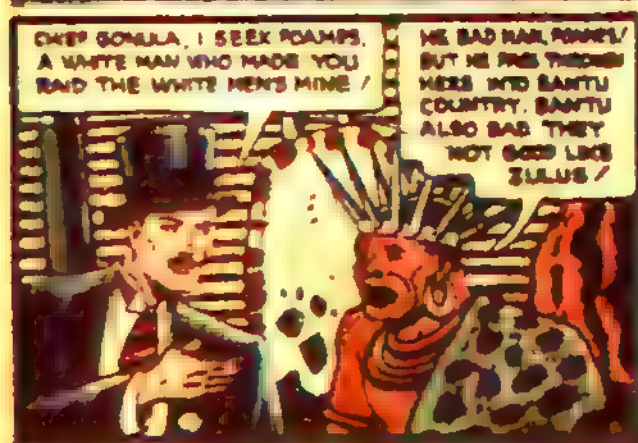
SH, TONG, IT'S ONLY ME /
I'M BEING DINGAAN - A
ZULU EMPEROR
LONG DEAD HE WAS
THEIR GREATEST,
I SHALL TRY
MY PLAN !







THE ZULLUS ARE OVERCOME BY THE POWERS OF ZATARA AND THE MAGICIAN ENTERS THE VILLAGE





WE MEET AGAIN
ZATARA, THE TIGRESS,
AN OLD FRIEND
OF MINE, WARNED
ME OF YOU!



YOU DIE AT LAST,
ZATARA!



THE SACRIFICIAL FLAMES DANCE UP!



ZATARA'S EYES BLAZE
HYPNOTICALLY!!



AND THE FIRE TURNS TO ICE!

HOW ABOUT
A LITTLE
FIRE TO
THAW US
OUT



AT LAST THE WARLIKE ZULLUS KNOW REAL FEAR

A GREAT
WIZARD-

DINGAAN SENT HIM -
HE SHALL DO US
HARM!



AND FOAMES, SEEING THE TIDE TURNING AGAINST
HIM, SNEAKS AWAY INTO THE JUNGLE -



FORGIVENESS,
MASTER
WIZARD!

FOR FORGIVENESS, SEND MEN AFTER
FOAMES-AND BRING HIM TO ME !



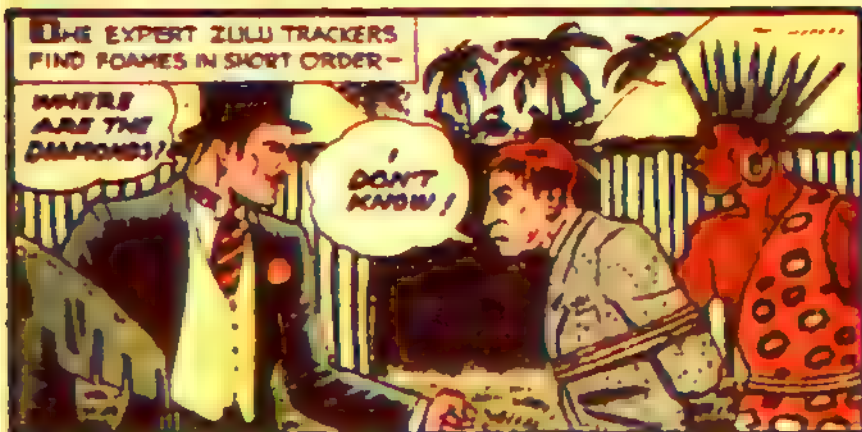
THE SEARCH BEGINS



THE EXPERT ZULU TRACKERS
FIND FOAMES IN SHORT ORDER-

WHERE
ARE THE
DIAMONDS?

I
DON'T
KNOW!



FOAMES, LOOK AT ME ! WHERE
ARE THE DIAMONDS ?



THE - THE TIGRESS, YOUR
OLD ENEMY ! SHE
HIRED ME TO STAGE
THE RAID SHE HAS
THEM - AND SHE IS
FLYING AWAY FROM
CAPE TOWN TONIGHT !



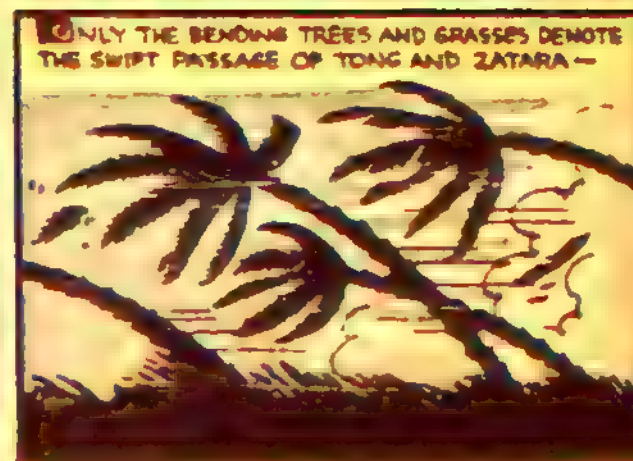
I CAN WAIT NO LONGER
HOLD THIS MAN FOR ME
AS YOUR PRISONER -
ALIVE ! I SHALL
BE BACK !

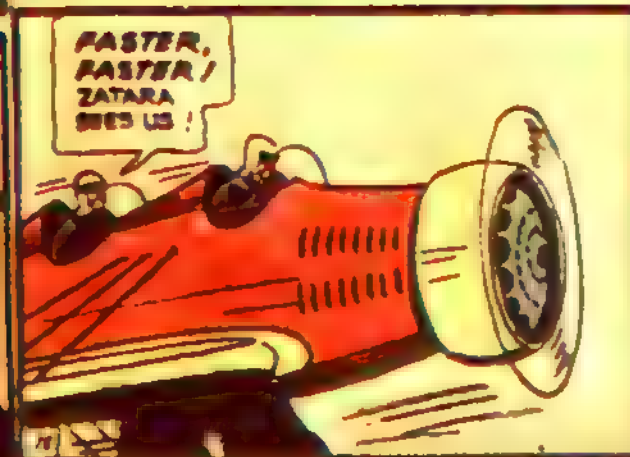
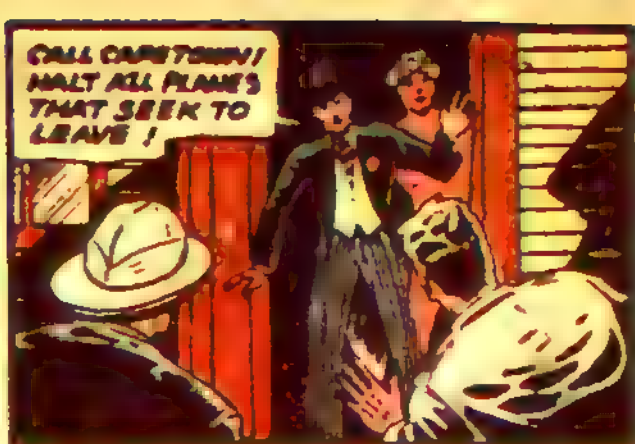
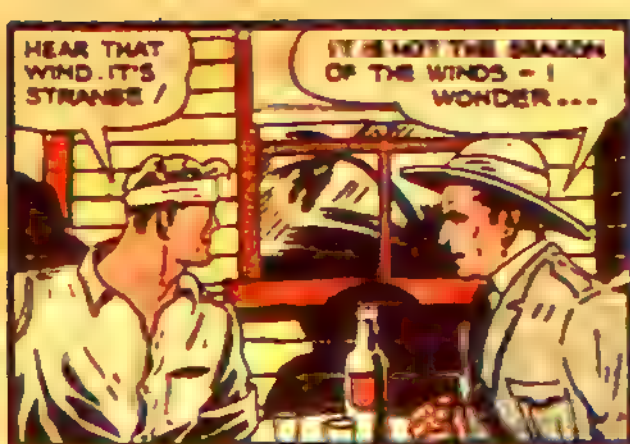


WE MUST
HAVE SPEED,
TONG WE GO
AS THE FLEET
SOUTH
WIND !



ONLY THE BENDING TREES AND GRASSES DENOTE
THE SWIFT PASSAGE OF TONG AND ZATARA -





ZATARA ESTABLISHES PSYCHIC CONTACT WITH THE PILOT



A BRICK WALL APPEARS BEFORE THE PILOT



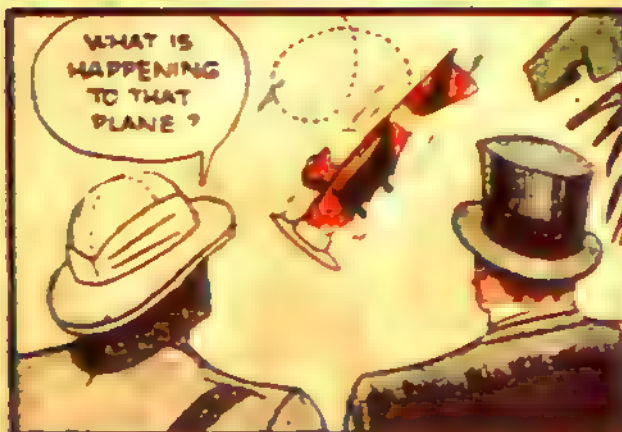
WHAT THE -



AND THEN A MOUNTAIN!

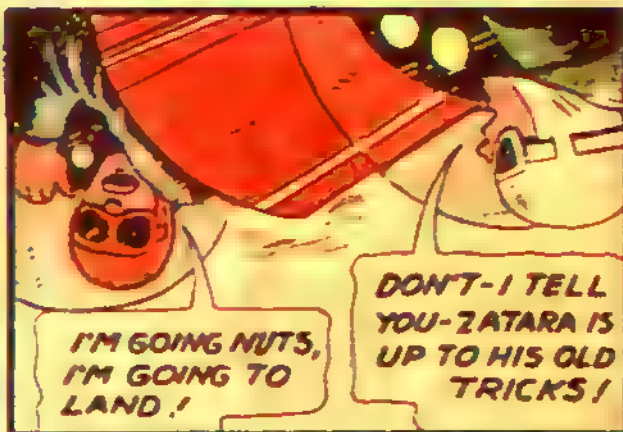


WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THAT PLANE?

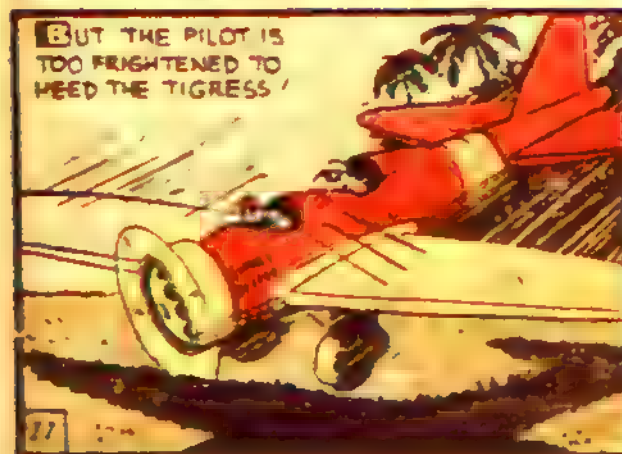


I'M GOING NUTS, I'M GOING TO LAND!

DON'T-I TELL YOU-ZATARA IS UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS!



BUT THE PILOT IS TOO FRIGHTENED TO FEED THE TIGRESS!



YES, THE PLANE LANDED BUT WHERE? AND HOW CAN WE GET THERE?

A SLIGHT MOTION OF MY HAND, AND---



GREETINGS / HERE
ARE YOUR VICTIMS,
COMMISSIONER!

WELL - I'LL BE
JIGGERED!

THERE ARE ONLY
TWO OF THEM.
GET 'EM WITH
THIS GUN -

STICK 'EM UP!
I'M TAKING NO
CHANCES!

BETTER DROP YOUR
PISTOL, YOUNG MAN!

H-HALP!

HERE ARE THE JEWELS IF I
HAD KNOWN YOU WERE IN
SOUTH AFRICA ZATARA!
WELL, I WOULDN'T HAVE
STARTED ANYTHING!

YOU'LL FIND FOAMES A CAPTIVE
OF THE ZULUS THE ZULUS WILL
BE PEACEFUL AFTER THIS YOU'LL
HAVE NO MORE TROUBLES WITH
THEM OR THE MINE!

WEST Thrills

154

GIL
KESSON



JOHN SLAUGHTER, THE NOTED SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE DURING THE LATER DAYS OF THE OLD WEST, JOINED THE TEXAS RANGERS WHEN ONLY EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

YOUNG "BUFFALO BILL", WHO JOINED THE PONY EXPRESS WHEN HE WAS ONLY 14 YEARS OF AGE, MADE A RECORD RUN OF 384 MILES STOPPING ONLY TO CHANGE HORSES. IT WAS NECESSARY TO "CARRY THE MAIL THROUGH" BECAUSE ANOTHER RIDER WHO WAS TO RELIEVE HIM AT THE END OF HIS RUN HAD BEEN SCALPED BY INDIANS.



WILD BILL HICKOK, FAMOUS LEATHER SLAPPIN' GUNMAN-LAWMAN KILLED SIX DESPERADOES IN ONE HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE IN SELF DEFENSE.

The following are the Winners of the Letter Contest that ran in the September issue of ACTION COMICS.
A prize of \$1 has been sent to each of the winners.

ARNOLD MISSNER,
Chicago, Ill.

MARIAN ONORATO,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THEODORE SCOTT,
Fort Worth, Texas

SHIRLEY HERBOLD,
Denver, Colorado.

RENA SCHNEIDER,
Chicago, Ill.

ROBERT TOQUINTO,
Los Angeles, Calif.

RUTH BAUM,
Euclid, Ohio.

BOB OADES,
So. Minneapolis, Minn.

BILL CAMPBELL,
Pittsburgh, Penn.

YOSHIKAZU KOIZUMI,
San Francisco, Calif.

GERTRUDE KUSLAN,
West Haven, Conn.

BETTY ROSS,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

MARIE A. WILLE,
Philadelphia, Penn.

GAVIN CRAWFORD,
Toronto, Canada.

JEAN BULMER,
Detroit, Mich.

J. M. ABBOT, JR.,
Liberty, So. Car.

GEORGE B. BERRIAN,
Bronx, N. Y. C.

GERARD TIVENAN,
Newark, N. J.

JUNE POWERS,
Juneau, Alaska.

GEORGE HOFMEISTER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

ROSEMARY TORRENS,
Amityville, L. I.

MARIAN LEWIS,
West Roxbury, Mass.

RICHARD FERNANDEZ,
Hilo, Hawaii.

JIMMY MILLSOP,
Springfield, Miss.

THOMAS WEBER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Show
POPEYE
Movies

SCRAPPY
KRAZY-KAT
SNOOKY
WESTERN

Be a Movie King



Show Your Own Movies!!

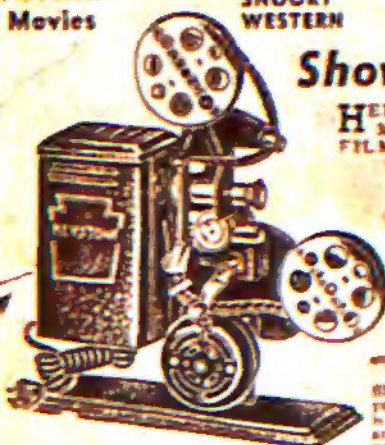
HERE'S what you've always wanted—a genuine MOVING PICTURE MACHINE—a machine that uses STANDARD 16 MILLIMETER FILM—as a price you can easily afford to pay. This is the BIG opportunity—don't MISS it. Read every word, then act quick.

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\$5.25



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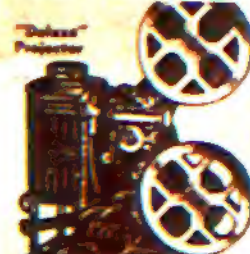
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